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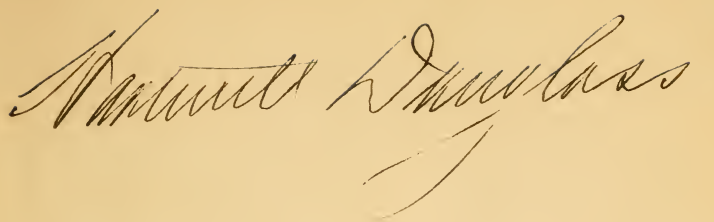

COL. S. S. SCOTT—1880.

THE MOBILIANS;

OR

TALKS ABOUT THE SOUTH.

BY

S. S. SCOTT,

Author of Southbooke, etc.

My native country, thou which so brave spirits hast bred,
If there be virtues yet remaining in the earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whil'st now I sing of thee,
Of all thy later brood the unworthiest though I be.

—Polyolbion.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.
THE BROWN PRINTING CO.
1898.

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TO

Ex-Governor WILLIAM C. OATES,

and

General JOHN W. A. SANFORD

of Alabama,

Who have battled ably and bravely for the South
in field and forum.

PREFACE.

Many of the leading men of Mobile have been accustomed, during the heated term, frequently to seek rest, recreation and health, by excursions down the bay, and to the outlying gulf coasts in the vicinity. A party of this kind, has been organized on paper into a literary club, under the name of "The Mobilians," by the writer, as a convenient, and, it is hoped, interesting, means of presenting to the reader certain sketches and stories illustrative of Southern life and character. It may be well to say here that fiction has been carried but little further in the matter. The men and women of the following pages are real men and women. All the stories are founded in fact, and more,—they are true in their main incidents. There is not one of them, in which occur more departures from exact fact than "Tuskaluza;" and yet even in that case history has been rather closely followed. With the exception of the little love episode, and the account of the death of the great chief, the narrative hereinafter given, is indeed history, and nothing more. The chronicles of the time contain a meager but interesting account of his meeting with De Soto; of the battles of Movile; and of the final destruction of that city—the capital and stronghold of his tribe; but they are silent as to his fate. He was either destroyed; or, he ran away, and left his people to the destructive mercies of the Spaniards. The little of his character, however, that can be gleaned from these writings, joined to a knowledge of Indian character generally,

forbids the adoption of the latter hypothesis. He was no doubt burned with the hundreds of his braves, who were known to have thus perished in the houses. His end,—after the manner of Indian warriors, who loved to show their hardihood and contempt of death, to their enemies,—has, in the story, simply been transferred from the floor to the roof of his habitation—in other words, has been brought about in an open and speaking, instead of a concealed and silent, burning.

S. S. S.

AUBURN, ALA., April, 1898.

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THE MOBILIANS.

PART I.—DOWN THE BAY.

THE CLUB—LANKEY'S SONG—RAPHAEL SEMMES—THE CLUB GROUNDS.

> But why of death begin a tale?
> Just now we're living sound and hale,
> Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
> Heave care o'er side
> And large before enjoyment's gale,
> Let's take the tide.
> —Burns.

IT was a bright morning in midsummer of the year 1878, that Grey Haverwood, a tall and stalwart young Southerner, hailing from one of the midland counties of Alabama, repaired to the part of the wharf at Mobile, where a certain neat and trim little schooner lay. The sun was just up, and had dusted with gold the feathery tops of the pine trees on the opposite side of the bay, while below them the thick, clustering growth of the bottoms reposed in dark shadow. From the dim recesses underneath the drooping eaves of these woods, the small sail-boats, like white-winged waterfowl, ever and anon, darted out and glided hither and thither over the shimmering surface of the beautiful estuary, intent upon the business or pleasure of the day. Under a steady land breeze from the north, the water of the bay, as it was touched by the red beams of the

morning, was rippled into smiles and shone like the dusky face of an Indian queen rejoicing in her beauty and in the strength and devotion of her followers. The large ships in the vicinity of the schooner rested quietly upon the water, like grim giants after heavy work. They showed no signs of life, save in the occasional song of a deck-swabbing seaman. At intervals, however, above and below the little schooner, the blue smoke curling upward, and the hoarse roar of escaping steam, told that boats had but recently come in, or were preparing to leave their anchorage-ground for other ports.

About this little schooner all was noisy stir and busy activity. The members of the Mobile club, or, at least many of them, in the scant trim of earnest workmen, were assisting the servants and boat hands in transferring the piles of luggage scattered around, to the deck and hold of the vessel. One of these, Frank Ernley by name, who was stooping over a box, called to Haverwood as he approached:

"I say, old fellow, lend me a hand here. I can't rest until I see this chest of breakables in a safe place on the schooner. It will never do to leave it to the clumsy fingers of the servants. My wife will not forgive me if any of her well preserved crockery is destroyed. She has the greatest horror of broken sets."

Haverwood gave the desired assistance; and the indicated work was soon neatly accomplished, evidently much to the relief of Ernley. Said the latter, as the two stood near the mast of the vessel: "You are sure now any way of a plate, knife and fork, and may be a cup and saucer, during our holiday in the woods over yonder. And that is no little matter in my estimation.

You sometimes hear men say that these things are luxuries in undertakings like present—that when they are off on a frolic they do not want them. Such men are about as wise, as was old Micawber, when on board the Australian ship, he commenced to use, and had his family to use, in drinking, vile tin cups, preparatory to roughing it in the bush. And that sort of talk is of a piece with the poet's silly twaddle about the supreme excellence of love in a cottage. Love in a cottage is a good thing, of course,—love any where is glorious. But if I were one of the parties to be affected, and had a choice in the matter, I should take love in a fine house, with all the necessary appurtenances and conditions thereto. This," continued Ernley, looking around and seeing an amused smile playing about the lips of Haverwood, "is very commonplace stuff, I know,—and I know it without the aid of that grin of ridicule, or rather ridiculous grin, with which you are greeting my remarks,—but it is not the less true for all that, my boy !"

Now all the party are aboard, and everything is ready; and the little vessel loosed from her moorings, with a shout from friends on shore, and a responsive waving of hats from friends on deck, slowly makes her way between the smaller craft by which she is surrounded, to open water,—when, with all sails spread, she dances swiftly and airily to the fine music of the breeze, down the bay. Gulpen, the captain, who, like "Green Jacket" on the Thames, loved his boat "as he did his wife and perhaps a thought better," gave his orders cheerily, which were promptly executed by his little crew.

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

A few words now with regard to the leading members of the club, that the clever reader may know exactly with whom he is sailing. All of them had gathered in knots on the low deck of the schooner. Ernley and Haverwood were standing near the spot, to which they had betaken themselves when they came on board. The former having been the first of the club, to whom attention has been called, deserves the first full and formal introduction.

Col. Frank Ernley—he received the military title with the position during the great war between the States—was tall, and slender almost to emaciation. He had a pale, cold, intellectual face; dark eyes of an indefinable color, and a finely shaped head, adorned with chestnut hair, closely cut, and showing the faintest disposition to curl. His clothing was light in hue and texture, loose but well fitting, and scrupulously neat. There was about the whole make-up of the man that air of perfect cleanliness, so rarely to be met with even among those of the rougher sex, who really possess and practice that delectable virtue. Without the prestige of wealth, for he had lost all by the accidents of war, and without that of age, for he was comparatively young in years, and wholly so in his feelings and associations, he was one of the most noted and popular men, in society and at the bar, of a metropolis rich in noted and popular men.

With Ernley and Haverwood stood McTarney, Crumlyn and Maltman. The first was a lawyer and the last a merchant. McTarney was of medium height. He had brown hair and eyes, with a bright and lively

expression of face, and a quick, nervous, but not unpleasing voice. His person had taken on a little too much flesh for elegance, but not enough to be called fat, or to interfere with its movements, which were in a high degree active and graceful. His dress, like that of Ernley, was remarkably neat, but unlike that of Ernley, was characterized by exactness of fit and studied precision of arrangement. He was in the prime of life, was a close student and devoted to his profession. As chivalrously courteous as the Black Prince he had a cordial smile and greeting for every acquaintence, and all of these had a good word for him. Maltman was the exact opposite of McTarney in appearance, dress and manner. He was tall, spare and angular, with a hard, bony face, small eyes and dull iron gray hair. His words,—and they were constant both in season and out of season,—had the slightest touch of a drawl. There was nothing hollow or unsound about him. The shell was rough but the kernel was good and sweet. He was, in short, a plain and unpretending business man—at once honest and reliable—capable and safe. Edgar Crumlyn, the last member of this little party, was a fine specimen of young Southern manhood. His face, without being strictly handsome, was strongly marked, and beamed with intelligence and good nature. His voice was remarkable for sweetness of tone and clearness of articulation. In the careless flow of ordinary conversation, it was not especially noticeable, but in recitation, it was what Tennyson calls "deep chested music." He was as modest as he was gifted, and could be made to blush as easily as a rustic maiden. He was parcel lawyer and much planter, and resided on his, or rather

his father's place, a short distance above Mobile, in the Canebrake country. It should be added that he was something of a poet.

A few paces from these was standing one of the most splendid specimens of manhood that Alabama could exhibit—Judge Frederick Crofton—the literary man *par excellence*, of the party. He was of large frame and commanding stature. The expression of his eyes, as seen through the gold-rimmed spectacles, which he constantly wore, was unusually mild and gentle, and his smile was very winning. He wore his hair long, and it fell in gray curls upon his massive shoulders. His scholarship was fine, and his reading extensive. He was somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age—the oldest man among the excursionists—but he was as fresh and as genial as the youngest. Sitting immediately in front of him was Robert Briarsley, a physician. It could readily be seen from the way this gentleman of doubtful age rested upon his chair, that, in standing, his person which was rather diminutive, was held stiffly, even rigidly, erect. His countenance was pale and thoughtful, with a nose long and pointed, which sought the upper air. The most striking feature of his face, however, was the eye, which was very full, heavy lidded and darkly brilliant. Grouped around Judge Crofton and Briarsley, were the dashing Wilmer Prince—his face dusky, but finely featured,—the youthful Charley Wenker, with his sunny hair thrown carelessly back from a broad and open brow, under which were large blue eyes and cheeks and lips of almost feminine softness and beauty; and several others—all of whom are worthy of especial notice,—but as their lives do not connect them particularly

with the coming incidents of this history, nothing further need be said of them here.

The five negroes,—the sable body-guard of the excursionists,—had stationed themselves near the prow, as the schooner was making its way toward the centre of the bay, with Lankey at the head. This boy, who was near six feet in height, with great breadth of chest, as the vessel turned and sped on its way like an arrow shot from a bow, in a high and clear voice, fairly yelled—but it was a yell of ringing music—the words of a negro melody—"Down the Bay,"—the others joining lustily and roundly in the chorus. The whole song, to the group of whites who listened to it, like Tam O'Shanter when he set out on his nocturnal ride,

"Was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious;"

for while it was rolling far and wide over the water—now rising—now falling,—now shrilly piping—now broadly swelling,—a various—a many sounding melody,—one could hear nothing else—could absolutely think of nothing else—

"DOWN THE BAY.

"Farewell you cullud ladies!
We luv' you ev'ry one;
We sure you look like di'mun's,
Black shinin' in de sun.
Farewell, our charmin' Dinah!
You's wuff your weight in gold;
Farewell, our laughin' Nancy!
Your wuff cannot be told.

CHORUS.

We's on our way—we's on our way—
But hah-yah!—it's not fur long;
We's on our way—we's on our way—
Jist listen to our song—
Down the bay—down the bay.

"Farewell our Kitty darlin'!
Farewell our darlin' Sue!
Farewell our little Vi'let!
Farewell to all uv you!
We's sorry 'nuff to leve you;
But 'deed we cannot stay;
White frien's dey want our kump'ny,
A-sailin' down de bay.

CHORUS.

We's on our way—we's on our way—
But hah-yah!—it's not fur long;
We's on our way—we's on our way—
Jist listen to our song—
Down de bay—down de bay.

"We's goin' to do some fishin'—
Some fishin' widout fail;
We want to ketch de sardine—
We want to ketch de whale.
And when de 'scurshun's over,
Your luv' boff warm an' true,
Mus' still come down upon us,
As ours goes up to you.

CHORUS.

We's on our way—we's on our way—
But hah-yah!—it's not fur long;
We's on our way—we's on our way—
Jist listen to our song—
Down de bay—down de bay."

"Sing it over again, Lankey," exclaimed Charley Wenker—sing it over again. Keep singing it all the evening. It is just splendid."

The negroes repeated the song, and did it with an access of vigor and animation. The ground-swell of the chorus especially, rolled away grandly, and yet more grandly, until it finally broke upon the echoing beach in waves of crystal melody.

"Where did you get that song from, Lankey?" asked Charley, after he had relieved himself by a deep and protracted respiration. "It seems to have been fixed up for the occasion."

"I got up the po'try," with a laugh;" "Mr. Sangenboom helped me wid de music; an' Colonel Ernley pervided de sense."

"Umph! I can appreciate your and the music man's part of the performance; but I can't see what Ernley did—I can't find the sense," responded Charley, looking around rather maliciously.

Ernley fixed his eyes upon Charley intently and curiously for a minute or two, but said nothing, for a wonder.

"Well, I have hushed up Ernley," said the unabashed Charley; "but unfortunately, he will not remain hushed up long. Just look at him now:—there is something in that newspaper, which he is so nervously fingering, that he desires to read to us, I am sure."

"You are right, Charley, for once," replied Ernley. "I do wish to read something. All of you remember that Admiral Semmes died at his home in Mobile during our last excursion—about a year ago. The paper in my hand is 'The Marylander'—given me this

morning by Haverwood,—and contains a sketch of the life and character of the great sea-captain. While the article falls far short of doing justice to the merits of the subject, it has in the reading greatly interested me, and will, I doubt not, interest all of you. I do not know the name of the writer—perhaps Haverwood himself is the man—though I ought to say that he denies the soft impeachment." Without further preface, Ernley opened the paper and read:

"RAPHAEL SEMMES.

"I was standing in the shade of a large live-oak on the Horticultural Fair Grounds at Mobile in the spring of 1876, talking with two notable Alabamians, when I saw a gentleman approaching, whose appearance at once attracted my attention. Two children were running, dancing and jumping along at his side, and he now and then paused to point out to them objects of interest around with his cane, which he flourished in the operation very much as one accustomed to the weapon, would flourish a sword. Small and compact in person, he held himself perfectly erect, and moved with ease and activity, although apparently carrying the weight of almost three score and ten years. His face was smoothly shaven, except where his lips were shaded by a light moustache and imperial; his hair was white and closely cut; and his eyes under strongly marked brows were sparkling with pleasantry, as he replied to the laughing questions of his youthful companions. There was something about the whole man,—his bearing and manner, the firmness of his step, the poise of his head, the expression of his face,—which made it evident to me, that he de-

served the respectful consideration accorded him by the little groups of people in his pathway, all of whom moved aside for him to pass, with hats raised on the part of the men, and kindly nods and smiles on the part of the women. 'Who is he?' inquired of one of my companions, as the stranger moved on and was lost in the crowd. 'Raphael Semmes,' was the reply. That was the first and only time I ever saw this remarkable man—the distinguished ex-admiral of the Confederate States' navy, and ex-brigadier-general of the confederate States' army, for before the close of the great war he held both positions at the same time.

"While I observed that Admiral Semmes was dressed with scrupulous care and neatness, I have no distinct recollection of the character of any part of his costume except his hat. It was of beaver or silk, and unusually high in the crown, with a brim, not broad, but wider than was customary in the make-up of such hats. My attention was particularly directed to it, because it seemed to form too large a part of the covering of the man, and evidently had a tendency to dwarf still more the sufficiently dwarfish person of the wearer. But be this as it may—that hat, it should be said right here, had underneath it no dwarfish mind and spirit—on the contrary, it had below it a mind with a breadth of reach, and a vigor of movement, rarely to be met with in big men or little, and a spirit fearless and unresting—ever on the outlook for chivalrous adventure, and pursuing it when discovered, with a boldness and activity, proportioned to the number and magnitude of intervening difficulties and dangers. And that hat, it should furthermore be said, covered, along with these high and heroic traits, others more modest, but not less

sterling, which served to round up a character eminently fitting its possessor for the post of a great naval commander, or, indeed for any high governing position among men—honesty, truthfulness, temperance and kindness of heart.

"The unresting mental activity and tireless energy, which I have suggested as being his dominant characteristics, left Raphael Semmes no time nor inclination for play. He perhaps never took a real holiday in his life—one allowing full and complete rest of body and mind. He was appointed a midshipman in the navy by President John Quincy Adams in 1826, when he was seventeen years of age, and he began at once to prepare himself for the weighty duties of his new calling. His first instruction in naval tactics, etc., was had at Norfolk, Va.; and upon examination he passed first in mathematics, and second in seamanship, in a class of forty. In 1832 he went on his opening cruise, and, returning in 1834, was granted a furlough. Instead of passing the time of his furlough amid the gayeties of the city, as was the custom of most of the young naval officers when freed for a season from duty, he sat himself down to the study of the law, not as an amateur, but as one determined to master all of its dry and intricate details for the practical purposes of life. With patient and unwearied assiduity he continued at his self-imposed task until he was admitted to the bar. No man could give a stronger proof of unflagging mental activity and energy than was here manifested by Semmes, in devoting his first holiday, after long confinement on shipboard, to the study of a profession, which he never expected to practice, and one too requiring for the thorough equipment that he secured,

such a vast amount of uninteresting reading and drilling. He was a lieutenant in the fleet that co-operated with the American land forces in the attack on Vera Cruz in 1847. After the reduction of that city, and the march of General Scott into the interior, he left the fleet, by which no further fighting could be done, and took service with the army; and in order that he might have a full share of the fighting in the advance on the city of Mexico, he attached himself to the division of General Worth, one of the most enterprising officers in the American army, and continued with it until the war was over. Subsequently, amid his other duties, time was afforded him—or, rather he took the time, which really belonged to rest, and devoted it to writing out a history of the struggle—forcibly and justly setting forth, in two volumes—'Afloat and Ashore during the Mexican War,' and 'The Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico'—the operations both by sea and land of the United States forces, with which he had served. After a few years came the great 'war between the States,' with Semmes upon the ocean, in fighting trim again; and such active and vigorous cruising as was done by him during that war, has never been paralleled in the annals of the world. His ship indeed had the appearing and disappearing power of a veritable sprite of the deep—not here to-day and there tomorrow, was to be said of it, but here to-day and where tomorrow? Evading with ease the multitude of warships sent out by his enemies to effect his capture, on the one hand, while, on the other, striking their trading vessels in the most unexpected quarters, and destroying them and their cargoes by scores, he, in the short space of but little more than two years,

upon an element swarming with foes and without one favoring friend, swept the commerce, which he was ordered to cripple, almost entirely from the ocean. When no further work could be done by him upon the seas, he hurried across the Atlantic, and made his way, through a Mexican port, into the blockaded Confederacy, to strike upon his native land a final blow for freedom, and go down, if need be, amid its wreck, and that of the institutions he loved so well. Soon after he reached Richmond, he was placed in command of the fleet on the James; and he was left to destroy it, which he did effectually, when the remnant of Lee's army was driven by overwhelming numbers from its defenses at Petersburg. With the commission of a brigadier-general of the Confederate States' army in his possession, he organized his sailors into a brigade; and his was the last military force of the Confederacy that made its way in safety from its ill-fated and gallant capital. Upon a train improvised by attaching together some old and shattered cars left standing on the railroad grounds near the city and two dilapidated and abandoned locomotives, with his sailor-soldiers as trainmen, engineers and conductors, he steamed away from Richmond, as the Federal army marched in, and carried his brigade to Danville, reaching that place a few minutes before the track in the vicinity was crossed and torn up by Sheridan's hard and pitiless riders.

"The courage of Semmes was of a high and rare order. It was a courage, which, while at times apparently akin to recklessness, was really dominated by a judgment cool and calculating—fully aware always of what it was about, and what was before it. That courage was nowhere more conspicuously displayed, than

in the act, which began his war on the United States' navy and commerce, and the act which ended it—the act which launched the Sumter upon the waters of the Gulf in the face of terrible odds, and the act, which sent the Alabama, in the face of still more terrible odds, to the bottom of the ocean. I will give briefly the history of both———

"The Sumter, ready for sea, was lying in the Mississippi, at the head of the two main passes into the Gulf, the mouth of each of which was closely guarded by war-vessels of the enemy, headed by the Brooklyn, at the one, and the Powhatan, at the other. On the morning of June 30, 1861, Semmes heard that the Brooklyn had gone in pursuit of a suspected vessel: he immediately obtained a pilot, and made a dash for the open sea. Before reaching the bar, however, he saw the Brooklyn returning. That vessel was much stronger in her armament than the Sumter, and had the advantage also in speed; but she was about four miles away. Semmes took in the whole situation in a moment, including the direction and strength of the wind. There was a chance, he saw, for him to escape. He determined to attempt it, and if he failed, to fight. Without pause he crossed the bar within reach of the heavy guns of the Brooklyn, which was making every exertion by steam and sail to intercept him. Wishing no doubt to lessen the distance, so as to have a surer mark, the latter did not fire. The distance, however, after the Sumter got fully out to sea was never lessened. By skillful management, Semmes "eat" the Brooklyn "out of the wind," which was followed by the furling of her sails. The Sumter, of course, was speedily beyond all danger of capture. It was a piece

of splendid daring and splendid seamanship on the part of Semmes, and deserved to succeed.

"The Alabama was at Cherbourg coaling when the Kearsarge arrived off the harbor. The two vessels were nearly equal in batteries and men—the advantage being with the latter,—and were apparently equal in their build. Semmes determined to fight. Had he known, however, that the Kearsarge was an iron-clad, which fact was very cleverly, if not very honestly, concealed, he would no doubt have managed with his usual seaman-like adroitness to evade an engagement which could hardly fail to prove disastrous to him. On June 19, 1864, he steamed out of the harbor in search of the Kearsarge; and for more than an hour, after he had come up with her, he presented the unprotected breast of his vessel to the deadly missiles fired from the armored sides of the Kearsarge, upon which his shot and shell could make but little impression. In fact he fought his ship as long as she could swim. Before any measures could be adopted on board the Alabama to save her officers and men she went down, leaving them struggling for life in the ensanguined waters. The victory was with the Kearsarge: the glory was with the Alabama.

"There is an interesting relic of this fight at the navy-yard of Washington, which shows that while the glory was with the Alabama, the victory came very near being there too. It is a piece of timber cut from a part of the stern of the Kearsarge, in which, close to the water line, is embedded a large unexploded shell. A distinguished member of Congress from Alabama told me a few years ago that he and several others, among whom was an old Federal Commodore, were

looking at this shell, when he asked the latter what would have been the result had the shell exploded. 'The Kearsarge,' replied the old sailor emphatically, 'would have gone down like a rock, sir;—Semmes would have whipped the fight.'

"The daring quality of Semmes' seamanship arose as much from his perfect knowledge of his profession and confidence in himself, as from the total absence of fear in his composition. I will give an incident in point, which may or may not be true. If untrue, I will only remark, that it would have been fact had Semmes been at the place under the circumstances suggested, and had there been any good reason for the action imputed to him:

"A party of United States naval officers, as the story goes, were standing on the beach at Pensacola, some time between the years 1850 and 1860, when a severe storm came up from the southwest. It was sufficiently strong to induce vessels generally to seek the open sea. About the time it had reached the height of its fury, a war-ship was seen flying with the speed of a falcon before the gale, and making for the narrow entrance to the harbor. One of the officers said: "There will be a wreck sure, unless Semmes or the devil is in command of that ship and at the helm:—no man can run into this port in such a storm except Semmes.' The ship, according to the story, *was* under the control of Semmes; and in a few minutes it was safely riding at anchor in the comparatively untroubled waters of the harbor.

"Another incident illustrative of the phase of Semmes' character under consideration, and of a nature somewhat similar to the one just given, I beg to

relate. It is well authenticated,—in fact, it comes from a near lady-relative of the Admiral, and is substantially as follows:

"Towards the close of the year 1864, H. N. Caldwell, who was a passenger on a small vessel running between Havana in Cuba and Bagdad, a small place at the mouth of the Rio Grande, said, that just before reaching the latter point, the schooner was caught in one of the gales frequent on the Gulf coast at that season of the year, and, under the guidance of its half-drunken captain, soon became unmanageable. There was much confusion and terror among both passengers and crew, when a small man, continued Mr. Caldwell, who had been very retiring and reticent during the entire voyage, suggested to the captain, in passing, some change that ought to be made in the management of the ship. The captain, under the excitement of liquor and the situation, ripped out an oath, and was evidently on the eve of ordering the speaker to attend to his own business; but in looking up and seeing two eyes fixed upon him, with an expression calm, determined and menacing, he forebore his contemplated rudeness, and, having still wit enough to appreciate the soundness of the suggestion, gave the necessary orders for carrying it into effect, or allowed the stranger to do so. In a few minutes the ship righted, and commenced moving through the angry waters with comparative ease. That unpretending and diminutive traveller, concluded Mr. Caldwell, was Raphael Semmes.

"But a faint and imperfect sketch of this remarkable man would be here presented, were I to fail of dwelling, at least briefly, upon the refinement, warmth, and generosity of his nature. While he was in com-

mand of the Sumter and Alabama, the exercise of these qualities was sometimes difficult because of the circumstances immediately surrounding him, and was often rendered more difficult still by the action of the government and people of the United States towards himself. And yet in none of these cases, when duly weighed, was he ever found wanting. The ports having been closed to his prizes, he was, of course, forced to adopt the rule of destroying them; but this stern and imperative duty was always performed in such way as to entail no unnecessary hardship upon the crews and passengers of the captured ships. Indeed, if there were no means of taking care of these unfortunate people, without material discomfort, on his own ship, or, no eligible place at which they could be put ashore, he bonded the captured vessel and suffered it to proceed on its voyage. He did this with many prizes—some of them very valuable,—he did it with the Ariel, one of the large steamers of the Vanderbilt line, which he was anxious to destroy. The captain of the Ariel 'pledged name and fame,' that Vanderbilt would satisfy the bond and redeem the ship; but Semmes knew the old man too well to suppose for an instant he would do anything of the sort: in fact, he knew when he bonded any ship, in order to save crew and passengers from trouble, he was simply giving up, without ransom, 'the lawful captive of his bow and spear.' In the case of the Ariel, and many other cases of ships bonded by Semmes, there were ladies aboard, and he could not bear the idea of having them subjected to all the disagreeable incidents of an overcrowded ship of war. In dealing with ladies, during his whole Confederate career upon the ocean, his con-

duct was marked by a chivalrous courtesy and tenderness that speedily relieved them of all fear of mistreatment. They expected a Bluebeard: they found a Bayard. Nevertheless Semmes' bold and open war upon the commerce of the United States, in the interest, and under the orders of his government, thus marked with a clemency not altogether usual in time of war even among civilized nations, was termed by some of the very parties, who experienced the benefit of his kindness, rank piracy, and he, one of the rankest of pirates. In pursuing, however, the line of his instructions and duty, as a Confederate officer, and tempering his actions by such kindness as that duty would allow, he could afford to laugh at such charges, and leave to the common sense of the world the vindication of his good name and the purity and loyalty of his motives.

"I have already spoken of his books written soon after the Mexican war. He wrote also 'The Cruise of the Sumter and Alabama,' published at New York in 1864, and 'Memoirs of Service Afloat During the War between the States,' published at Baltimore in 1869. The preliminary chapters of this last work are devoted to the causes of the war. The constitutional argument in defense of the action of the South is equal, in the grouping and marshalling of its facts, and in the force and accuracy of its deductions, to any paper on the same subject, which has yet been given to the world. The style too of these introductory chapters is dignified and forcible; that of the succeeding chapters, or, those narrating the doings of the Sumter and Alabama, with the account of his final public service after the loss of both ships, is delightfully colloquial. It ex-

actly suits the subject matter, being racy, flowing and brilliant. While he is the hero necessarily of all the adventures narrated, he is, in the highest degree, a modest and unpretending hero. The work is, in many respects, one of the most interesting of modern productions—indeed it is scarcely too much to say, that the 'Memoirs' is one of the most readable books in the English language. Like Cæsar, Semmes knew how to fight, and how to tell of his fighting.

"Raphael Semmes was born near the city of Baltimore in 1809, but moved to Mobile in 1842, where he died in 1877. Maryland never gave birth to a nobler boy, and Alabama never buried a nobler man."

The sprightly little vessel had made rapid headway, while the foregoing sketch was being read and commented on. It soon neared the waters of the Gulf, whose heavy ground-swell could both be seen and felt upon the glassy surface of the bay. About noon her prow was turned to the southeast, and, leaving the western coast, a waving line, like a blue thread of smoke in the far distance, as she bore more and more to the east, she finally doubled two wooded points in close proximity, and darting across a broad arm of the rolling waters, to another point also embowered in trees, she rounded it, and swinging gracefully into the deep mouth of Bienville Inlet, she was at her place of destination.

GROUNDS OF THE CLUB.

The schooner at once discharged her passengers and cargo, and leaving two boats for fishing and bathing purposes, returned to Mobile. The members of the

party were, in the meantime, busily employed, by the aid of the negroes, in pitching their tents and making other necessary preparations for comfort in the woods. Nothing was wanting to the beauty and convenience of the place selected for their temporary habitations. It was some distance from the water's edge, upon the skirt of a level plateau forming the summit of a slight ridge, or, what might be termed a cape of pine woods, which, extending southward, overtopped with its emerald crown a wide reach of yellow sand, along whose farthest limit the waves broke in a low and musical murmur. Inland for some distance—indeed, until sight was lost amid the shadows cast by their interlacing boughs—rose the columnar stems, tall, smooth, and straight, of the same magnificent trees, spaced with almost the regularity of those in an ordinary fruit orchard, above a vast cushion of amber-colored pine needles, as soft and smooth as velvet. Towards the inlet the slope of the land was gradual and billowy, in the hollows and rounded crests of which were widely scattered clumps of oak, beech, and elm, with an occasional magnolia. The whole surface of this slope was covered with a kind of broad-leaved, vigorous grass, of intense greenness, upon which were contentedly browsing many fat cattle. In a narrow ravine, almost roofed in places by branches and vines, which opened some distance below into the inlet, and whose head broke the level surface of the plateau, was a fine spring of pure water. It was, perhaps, this spring, more than the rare beauty of the situation, or the excellent bathing and fishing facilities afforded by the inlet, which made this spot the favorite resort of these Mobile gentlemen when pic-nicishly, and, it may be

added, pickwickishly, inclined. Much labor had been bestowed upon it; but, as the work had been done, under their immediate supervision, and frequently with their direct manual assistance, by the negroes who accompanied them on their annual excursions, it had been well and artistically done, and at but little expense. By digging down the head of the ravine, and deepening the channel below, the opening of the spring was found just above a dark slate-colored rock, which jutted out from the wall about three feet from the floor. Over this the water ran in a thin stream, falling into a basin of white marble—a present from Ernley—overflowed its rim and passed rapidly down the steep descent of the ravine towards the inlet.

So much for the club-grounds. And now the reader will take, for the day, a last look at the party who have just occupied them. The sun is about to go down; and at last the tents are not only spread, but every thing is in its place. Lankey assisted, by the other negro boys, is preparing supper. The smoke of their fires can be seen just beyond a silver-skinned beech, which spreads its green branches above an interesting group of well-filled and well-satisfied cattle. The white men are scattered; some are lying upon the grass, listlessly gazing into the mellowing sky; some sitting together upon the twisted roots of a giant tree, engaged in an animated talk led by old Maltman; and others wandering in pairs through the deepening shadows of the great pine forest. And the sun is about to leave them! Before doing so, however, he, for a moment or two, peeps through the embroidered hangings of his couch of feathery cloud, edged with a brightness, and marked with a depth and richness of

coloring such as were never displayed by the royal robes of Solomon. His last parting beam sweetly touches the grass upon the open slope, then plays softly with the leaves and branches of the undergrowth; anon lovingly rests upon the lofty crests of the giant trees; and, finally, when all else is in gray shadow, hangs a glory about a solitary cloud sailing far overhead, which seems a ship freighted with purity on its upward way to celestial shores.

PART II.—NIGHTS IN CAMP.

WAYDONS—DEERTOP—TUSKALUZA.

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?
So from afar, touch as at once? or why
That night, that moment, when she named his name,
Did the keen shriek, "Yes, love, yes, Edith, yes,"
Shrill till the comrade of his chambers woke?
—Tennyson.

As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook;
Impassive,—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
—Campbell.

THE days had been beautiful; and the time had passed pleasantly enough to the party at the inlet. Boating, bathing, fishing and hunting, had been participated in by all most heartily. Books, of which a limited supply, well selected, had been brought along by Judge Crofton, Ernley and McTarney, and had contributed much too to the general enjoyment. Fish by the hundred had been taken, of fine size and flavor; they formed indeed the principal dish at every meal. The holiday, however, was drawing to a close. It was Tuesday night, and the schooner was expected Thursday evening--sometime between dark and midnight—to take the party back to their homes. Supper was being served in the dining tent, which was simply a huge

fly stretched across the ridge pole, without walls. Torches were blazing around, lighting up the table, and those seated at it, with all the brilliancy of day. On the one side were the grim shadows of the deep woods, heightened by the light, which struggled flickeringly under the overarching branches,—on the other was the open sky "studded with stars unutterably bright," and the rolling waters of the gulf beating soft music upon the pebbled beach.

"Are there any settlements near this place?" suddenly asked Briarsley, in a pause of the conversation.

"Yes," replied Maltman, "one. It is the home of a widow, Mrs. Merton, and her son—a youth about sixteen years of age. Her husband died last year. There is a road through the pine woods above here, the nearest point of which is scarcely a mile off. Her house stands there in the midst of a small clearing. With that exception there is not a spot of cultivated ground within ten miles of us. The cattle you have seen feeding around here belong to her. She supplies us with that rich milk and butter, which you, indeed all of us, have so much enjoyed."

"The milk and butter are well enough," said Charley, who was sitting, with rather a doleful expression on his usually bright face, nibbling at a buscuit, and sipping his wine; "but I am awfully tired of the rest of our food. Baked fish—boiled fish—stewed fish—fried fish! I have been reading Beckford to-day, and———"

"Have you?" interjected Ernley. "Pray don't do it any more, please, if it makes you sullen. I see you look like Vathek when he had lost his sweetheart."

"I have been reading Beckford," continued Charley, ignoring Ernley, "and I find———"

"You have told us that before. Why don't you say something new?" quietly observed Ernley.

"Pish!" exclaimed Charley; "don't interrnpt. I've been reading Beckford———"

"Is there anything wonderful in that?" asked Ernley. "Don't say it any more—please."

"I've been reading Beckford," said Charley, making his words dash out, as if they were running a race with each other; "and I find a passage that just suits me. He is speaking of the Dutch. Can't you all see in me what he says he saw in them, 'a flabbiness of complexion and an oysterishness of eye,' produced by the character of my food for the last few days? If I don't change my diet soon, I fear I will have to don their kind of 'galligaskins,' in order 'to tuck up a flouncing tail, and thus cloak the deformity of a dolphin like termination.'"

"I supposed the tail was there, Charley; but from what was visible, I judged it was that of a monkey instead of a fish," said Ernley. Charley vouchsafed no reply to this insinuation, but turned in huge disdain to his buscuit and wine.

"At our meeting here last year," remarked Wilmer Prince, after a pause, "our suppers were frequently enlivened by a song or two, as well as recitations. Can't we have some singing to-night? I want to hear Crumlyn's new song—'Bright Mobile'."

"Oh, no!" hastily said Crumlyn. "Let us put that off until we are on our way home. Just before we reach the city will be the best time. The song will be more enjoyed then."

"Hold on, Crumlyn!" exclaimed Charley quickly—"certainly, Wilmer, certainly—singing by all means!

We'll have a song from Ernley." He knew that Ernley could sing about as well as a baboon could play on the flute. "Silence!" continued Charley, rapping on the table with his knife,—"silence! a song from Colonel Ernley!"

"Hush up, Charley! don't be foolish,—hush up, and let me speak," said Ernley. "We have been so tired during the two or three nights of our stay here, because of exertions 'on sea and shore,' during the day, that we have not cared to take up the matters of a literary nature, which in all our previous meetings at this place, have largely occupied our attention until bed time. You know that Judge Crofton, Haverwood, Crumlyn and Briarsley all promised, before we separated last year at the close of the excursion, to come prepared on this occasion with articles—stories, sketches, or something of the sort—illustrative of certain phases of southern life,—in fact, the Judge engaged to read us a historical tale of Alabama founded on fact, besides other (what shall I say Judge?) scraps and pickings from his literary labors. If I am not greatly mistaken I promised to regale you with a written essay on 'Southern Civilization'; and I don't propose to let you miss the pleasure and profit of hearing that, you may be sure. Judge Crofton must read us the historical story to-night. Before he does so, however, I want McTarney to relate the marvellous adventure, if adventure it can be called, an outline of which he gave me to-day when we were out hunting." The propositions of Ernley were heartily endorsed; and McTarney opened the literary entertainment with the story of

"THE WAYDONS.

"Twelve or fifteen years ago one of the most interesting and lovable families in the whole length of a large and charming valley in Middle Alabama, was the Waydons. Their residence was a commodious two-storied frame building, with an ample front veranda, austerely plain, and a lawn that greenly undulated in in its gentle slope to the river's edge, plentifully supplied with oaks and hickories of great age and vast size. The fine corn and cotton lands, for some distance around the house, or rather to its rear and on its sides, belonged to the family, which was wealthy, and intelligent, but not so refined as to have smoothed away any part of those hearty and genuine homebred manners, that, like country air and shade and bloom, are so refreshing to wearied denizens of cities. The old man and old lady—uncle Wilkie and aunt Hilda, as they were called by the neighbors—were another addition of the venerable couple so tenderly and exquisitely portrayed in 'John Anderson, my Jo, John.' Aunt Hilda especially, with her mild gray eyes, lips that had not lost all their youthful bloom and fullness, and cheeks, which, though slightly furrowed by years, had yet about them much of their early softness and roundness, was indeed like the heroine of the song, a love of an old woman, and what was better still, an old woman of love. They were blessed with two daughters as rosily as luscious as ripened peaches, and two sons, not unlike in soundness and sturdiness, the ancestral oaks among which they had been reared. One of these boys was about twenty-five years of age, while tha other was a year or two younger. There was another son, Edwin, the youngest of the group, who had

been seriously injured by a fall during childhood. He was feeble in body and by no means strong in mind. This unfortunate boy was the pet of the whole family. To his mother, however, he was something more than a pet. Weak and afflicted, while the other children were so robust and healthful, and the child, as she fondly termed him, of her old age, she exhibited toward him an anxious tenderness of manner that always ended in a caress, and turned upon him a wistful, yearning look, from eyes that ever seemed ready to overflow with tears. Although the brothers and sisters were so careful in supplying his wants, and so watchful in guarding him from harm, she was always uneasy when he was out of her sight.

"Uncle Wilkie Waydon, whose health had been remarkably good, was one summer prostrated by a severe attack of fever. For some time it was thought he would die; but finally, by the aid of attentive and careful nursing, his naturally robust constitution threw off the disease—his vital powers, however, had been so nearly exhausted in the hard struggle that his restoration to perfect health again seemed somewhat doubtful. His physician thought that a change of air and scenery would be beneficial, and recommended for the purpose, a little watering place about twenty miles away. This spring was no fashionable place of resort —no haunt of the pleasure seeker. It was a quiet and sequestered spot among the hills, far from public roads, and was but little known outside of the immediate neighborhood. Several gentlemen had built comfortable cabins there and improved the grounds, for the use of their own families during the hot months; and while no summer passed without some of these being occu-

pied, it was rarely that this was the case with all of them.

"Uncle Wilkie had secured one of the cabins; but he was not disposed to go to it without Aunt Hilda, and she was not disposed to go without Edwin. For the first time in his life Edwin showed a disinclination to gratify his mother. He said he did not want to go away from home. After trying for some time to change his mind without success, she at last decided to leave him behind and accompany her husband. But she did so with much hesitation and many anxious forebodings. 'And yet,' said she to her eldest son, 'why should I fear for Edwin? He will be at home, and have affectionate brothers and sisters to take care of him. Surely no harm could befall him that would not do so even were I present.'

"The carriage was packed; the two large mules, fat and well groomed, were harnessed to it; and the old couple, after many loving adieus, drove away from the homestead, followed by a wagon loaded with such furniture and supplies as they would need during their contemplated absence. Uncle Wilkie was hopeful and talkative; Aunt Hilda was sad and silent. She struggled hard to overcome these despondent feelings, and before the carriage had gone many miles partially succeeded. 'Never fear, wife,' Uncle Wilkie would now and then remark cheerily—'never fear—the boys and girls are safe and reliable; they are good children and will attend to Edwin. He'll be all right when we get back home.'

"In due time they arrived at the humble and modest watering place; and everthing about their cabin was soon made snug and comfortable. The spot was cool

and pleasant; the water was excellent; the company, though limited to two or three families, was congenial; and Aunt Hilda, and consequently Uncle Wilkie, before many days had passed, began really to enjoy the situation. The old gentleman's health, too, improved, or he imagined it had done so; and she, under the influence of this cheering belief, and her many pleasant surroundings, seldom, if ever, brooded over the possibility of harm visiting her unfortunate boy at home.

"It was the seventh night of their stay at the spring, when Uncle Wilkie was awakened by a sort of muffled scream from his wife. His hand touched her cheek as he turned himself over in the bed,—it was as cold as ice. Greatly alarmed, he struck a light and attempted to arouse her. Her eyes were wide open, and had in them a strange, wild, and horrified expression. Her breathing was deep and full, but was now and then interrupted by a quick, spasmodic jerk. After loudly calling her by name, and violently shaking her, and then rubbing her hands, he was about to awaken the servants to send for assistance, when, with a gasp, color returned to her face, the lost light to her fixed and ghastly eyes, and she raised herself up.

"'O Wilkie!' said she hurriedly, and bursting into tears, 'something dreadful has happened to Edwin. I have just heard him, and his cry was agonizing. 'O mother—mother—mother!' he said, 'why don't you come?'

"Her husband did his best to allay her apprehensions. He told her it was nothing but a dream. But she could not be pacified in that way.

"'It was no dream,' she answered decidedly and solemnly. 'It was no dream; I heard him distinctly;

It was his voice. He was in pain, and he called on me to help him. I must go—I must go to him at once.'

"The old man saw now that argument and expostulation with his wife, under the circumstances, would be useless—that she was terribly moved, and terribly in earnest; that nothing short of his instant compliance with this desire would satisfy her. He, therefore, said mildly and gently: 'Certainly, my dear. If you wish, we will lose no time, but go home now.'

"It was about midnight. They at once aroused the servants and commenced making preparations for leaving. In less than two hours their carriage, in the brilliant light of a full moon, was rapidly bearing them in the direction of home. 'Faster—faster, John!' was frequently the anxious exclamation of Aunt Hilda to the driver. 'Faster—faster, John! I am needed at home—I am needed at home.'

"Before the sun was high in the heavens the next morning, the carriage dashed through the grove, which bordered their dwelling on the west; but, alas! that house so dear to them, as their home for nearly forty years, and the birthplace of all their children, was found, as they looked out of their carriage-window, a heap of smouldering ashes, above which frowned four ghastly and blackened chimneys.

"Aunt Hilda, with a moan of intolerable anguish, sank, fainting, upon the floor of the vehicle. In a few minutes the two older sons, with the two daughters and several servants, issued from cottages close by and came to the carriage. While Aunt Hilda, still unconscious, was helped to a bed and left to the gentle and affectionate care of the daughters, the sons told to

the father that they were not awakened by the fire until the whole house was in flames; and just as they rushed out and saw the roof falling in and the fire bursting from almost every window, they heard the cry of Edwin above the roar and from the midst of the flames—'O mother—mother—mother! Why don't you come?'"

There was silence for several seconds after the conclusion of McTarney's story. At last Charley, turning to him, asked: "Do you think it was a dream?"

"I am sure I do not know," answered McTarney. "This life is full of stupendous mysteries; and the one suggested in my little story is by no means the least of them. It is a mystery, however, that can never be satisfactorily solved in this world."

"I have no doubt," observed Ernley, "it was a dream. The coincidence, indeed, was certainly wonderful, but——"

"I don't believe it was all a dream," cut in quickly the sharp tones of Briarsley, who had listened throughout with the greatest interest to McTarney. "That old woman, while asleep, or in a trance, according to my judgment, really heard her son's voice. Her love for him was so great, that her spirit went out to him that night, or, through the influence of her intense and yearning sympathy in that direction, there was between them at the time a sort of mysterious communication, which, like the wire of the telephone, actually conveyed to her the words of his last, wailing cry. Such coincidences occur too frequently to be accidental—to be explained in the usually free and

easy way suggested by Ernley. Permit me to tell you a story, involving one of these remarkable coincidences, in which I was an actor myself. It is like the one you have just heard; and it is unlike it, too, in this: McTarney's story was very sad—mine is the reverse, and will, consequently, leave you in a little better frame of mind for sleeping." And he proceeded to relate a story, which he called

"DEERTOP; OR SAVED BY FAITH.

"No part of the South is more beautiful than East Tennessee. It is a region of heights and hollows—most picturesquely situated and most picturesquely fashioned. The mountains which run through it, by their undulating irregularity, their numberless spurs, their broken precipices, their castellated promontories, and their green rounded capes, possess charms to which it seems nothing could be added, nor taken away, without marring the harmony and exquisite finish of the picture presented; and they embrace in their rugged arms, glens, dells, coves and valleys, whose modest and quiet loveliness is only equalled by the richness of their soil, the healthfulness of their atmosphere, and the sparkling purity of their running waters.

"Toward the close of a beautiful day in early Autumn of the year 1845, I was riding on horseback through one of the loveliest portions of that lovely region. It was before those mountain-fastnesses had echoed to the shrill scream of the locomotive, as it dashes over its iron track, driving before it, with all the power of steam, the simpler virtues, and drawing in its wake unnecessary wants and luxurious longings,—

thereby changing rough plenty into refined scarcity, and healthy content into feverish excitement and dissatisfaction. The inhabitants at that time were as truly wealthy and as truly happy, as any in the world; if the means of satisfying every reasonable wish is any evidence of real wealth and real happiness. The particular spot marked by my ride was not far from the place, where the Nollichuckee mingles its glittering waters with those of the Frenchbroad. I was in search of the homestead of old Jack Woolford, a noted mountaineer in those parts, where I expected to spend a few days for rest before returning to my home in Alabama, and was, I supposed, in less than a half mile of the place. The road, along which I was riding, had left the valley, and was gradually winding its way up the sides of the mountain. It was after nightfall, when, in my ascent, I had reached the face of a cliff, around the centre of which the road passed. Above the road, and partially overhanging it, was the summit—a huge rock, beetling, black, and grim, like the brow of Charon. This rock gave the name, as I afterwards learned, of Crowpoint to the peak, of which it was the most conspicuous and striking feature.

"Although the last beam of day had disappeared, I scarcely noted the fact, in the flood of light hardly less brilliant than that of the sun, poured through an atmosphere perfectly transparent, from a full moon, which was soaring up in the eastern heavens. Upon that elevated spot I drew up my horse, to look upon a scene, which in picturesque beauty, I have never seen equalled, and which, in one of its changes, became inexpressibly grand. A deep valley running from west to east, turned abruptly after it had left the spur, up-

on which my horse was standing, to the north, and winding away was lost in the blue of the distance. In the coves, with which it was indented, gleamed clouds of mist, that streaming down the valley, partially veiled the bold faces of the precipices, and encircled with narrow belts the rock ribbed bodies of the isolated peaks,—the whole, when stirred by the soft breeze, which was fitfully blowing, flashed and sparkled in the moonbeams, as if it were thickly sowed with the dust of diamonds.

"While I paused with mind and eye wholly engrossed by the beauties, to which I have alluded, a cloud had silently gathered, and before I knew it, had spread in a broad band, reaching nearly to the zenith, over a part of the western sky. A few heavy drops of rain pattered upon the rocks and leaves around me. I looked up. The shower, through which I could in places dimly see the heavens beyond, was falling beautifully. The drops were large and were so widely separated, that they looked like falling pearls in the intensely brilliant rays of the unshadowed moon. Just then—springing from a dark peak in the distance, and circling over mountains, glens and precipices, with their drapery of silver mist, until it reached in its descent the bottom of the far-away valley—there appeared a rainbow, with all the colors marked so distinctly, and yet so sweetly soft, that, with the richness of its accessories, it was infinitely fairer than any sunbow, which had ever blessed mortal vision. It seemed really a revelation to earth of some of the beauties of that home of the happy, that is eternal and in the heavens.

"The shower soon passed off; and with heart elevated by what I had seen, and full of thankfulness, I put

spurs to my horse, and was soon before the house I sought. It was a low, wooden structure, with a superabundance of roof that had every possible inclination and slope, and that, extending far over the front and and side walls, formed a broad and continuous porch all around,—the gloom of which was relieved by lights cheerily flashing from a multitude of small windows. Mr. Woolford, a giant in stature, with a mass of thick hair perfectly white waving about a bright, ruddy face, gave me a hearty welcome at the gate. The rough wooden arch surmounting this entrance-way, I should not forget to say, was crowned with two immense stag horns, wide-branched and weather-polished, which no doubt had something to do with the singular name of the place—'Deertop.'

"'Here Faith!' said he, 'is a young man, who has come to spend a few weeks with us. This,' continued he, turning to me and presenting his wife, 'is my Faith, Mr. Briarsley; and I live by Faith in more ways than one. She never fails to take care of anybody committed to her charge; so you need not fear; you will be well provided for.'

"As he looked upon her and spoke, his rugged features were smoothed and refined by the tender expression they took on, and there was even a caress in the rough voice. I thought him when I first saw him a second Christopher North in his sporting jacket,—I now thought him not unlike that same Christopher in one of his purest and happiest moods—in one of his moments of high inspiration. Before he turned to leave us he could not forbear patting her round, deli cate and most comely cheek with his broad palm. The

tenderness of the act was only equalled by the look of fond affection with which it was received.

"'His Faith,' as he called his wife, was much younger than himself,—scarcely forty years of age, indeed, with large, lustrous gray eyes, features delicately and cleanly cut, showing, however, amid their softened outlines, marks of a fearless disposition, and much decision of character. It was easy to see that she was a queen in that household, but a gentle one,—for she not only loved her husband, her home, and her children, several of whom—lusty boys and buxom lasses—were around her at the time, but she was proud of them all.

"Deertop was the supper-house for the passengers of a stage-coach, which ran that road twice a week; and soon after my arrival, I heard the bugle in the distance, most discordantly blown, announcing the approach of that notable, but now almost obsolete vehicle. I was standing on the porch, when it dashed up and stopped at the gate with a jerk,—the horses covered with foam and dripping with perspiration. On the box was a big, burly fellow, who seemed to be half asleep; and the driver, who, as I found when he lightly sprang to the ground, was a tall, slender young man, neatly, but rather too showily dressed for travelling. A chubby youth of some sixteen years, occupied the seat immediately behind the box, with the bugle in his hand,—he was evidently the one who had been making the music. A merchant from the city of Knoxville and his wife were the two inside passengers; and as soon as they could alight, he exclaimed to the young man, who still held the reins and whip in his delicately gloved hands: 'Well, Aiken, we have to thank you for getting here so soon. But I hope never to take such a ride

again. Why, you didn't hold in the horses even when the road became dangerously rough and broken; and my wife has been jolted and bumped and thumped and frightened, in a way that she will remember to the latest day of her life.' The young man carelessly replied, that it was a fast ride and rough but perfectly safe; and he laughed as he threw the reins to the big, burly fellow, who with some difficulty had just descended from his seat on the coach.

"Old man Woolford now came out. He knew the merchant, and greeting him as Mr. McLester, remarked that the coach was about an hour ahead of time.

"'Yes,' answered the other. 'These two madcaps got hold of a bottle of apple brandy in some way at the last station; made the driver, as you may see, more than half drunk; possessed themselves of whip, reins and bugle; and lo, we are here! Ah, mischief—mischief!—thy name is—college boys! I wonder if a prank of any sort could be imagined that such boys have not practiced. I shall tell the President of the University when I get to Knoxville to keep an eye on these youngsters. They certainly need watching.'

"The bell rung; and we were ushered into supper by Mr. Woolford; and what a supper it was to be sure? I shall never forget that meal, for I had never seen anything like it before. It was supper, dinner and breakfast all in one. Such meals, however, I afterwards learned were by no means rare among the mountains of East Tennessee at that time. The table was long, with wooden benches in the place of chairs. Mrs. Woolford sat at one end, flanked on the right by a huge steaming coffee-pot, and on the left by two immense earthenware pitchers filled—the one with sweet, and the other

with churned, milk. Before her was a large dish of fried mountain trout. At the other end, presided over by Mr. Woolford, was a fat and juicy haunch of venison. Down the centre were great pyramids of the richest golden butter; while on either side, and all about, were light breads and corn breads; home made cheese and honey; fried chicken and fried apples; baked chicken and baked apples; stewed chicken and stewed apples—thickly interspersed with chicken pies and apple pies.

"Soon after we had come upon the porch from the supper-room the bugle sounded a call for the passengers. 'Twenty-five cents apiece' answered Mr. Woolford to Mr. McLester, who asked his bill; and to a similar question of the young student, who had officiated as bugleman for the coach, the host replied: 'Oh, I suppose fifteen cents will pay me for all so little a man as yourself has eaten.' Such a supper and such pay! Does it not seem wonderful? The motto with East Tennesseans then was to live and let live; and they practiced it.

"I passed many days at this mountain farm house. The hunting of the neighborhood, as well as fishing, was excellent, and the mountain tramps in pursuit of game, with mountain air and water, giving me a splendid appetite for the generous mountain fare, made a new man of me—new both in mind and body. All was indeed well with me! I did what I had never thought of before in my early life,—I thanked God that I lived in so beautiful a world!

"The day before the one I had set for my departure, Mr. Woolford was called by business to a little village about fifteen miles away. He left early telling

his wife he would be back about nightfall, or, at any rate, soon after. I was off the greater part of the day, rambling through the mountains with my gun, and visiting in my walk places whose beauty had especially impressed me on former occasions, and which, I thought, I might never see again. It was near sunset when I reached the house. Mr. Woolford had not returned. The day, which had been unusually clear and bright, closed with a sort of haze overspreading the heavens. This before the light breeze continued to thicken, so that the night set in dark and promised to be darker. Soon after supper, being much wearied, I retired to rest. I do not know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by the sound of voices in the passage before my room. Hastily putting on a part of my clothing, I opened the door to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. There were sitting on a table in the passage two glass lanterns lighted, and Mrs. Woolford was being wrapped up by two of her sons in a heavy blanket. She looked exceedingly pale, and what was equally strange, very nervous. 'Has anything happened?' I asked as I stepped into the little hall. 'No—nothing,' replied the elder son. 'Mother is only frightened because father has not come, and she has determined to go as far as Crowpoint in search of him.'

" 'Wait a few minutes,' said I, 'until I can finish dressing, and I will go with you.'

" In a short time we were on the road, lighted by the two lanterns. Crowpoint, though not visible from the house, owing to an abrupt bend in the mountain range, was scarcely a half mile away, as has been previously intimated. A misty rain was falling, and the night was

intensely dark. Without the aid of the lighted lanterns I don't suppose our eyes would have been of any use to us; and even with such help, so heavy was the mist or fog, that we had to move with great care and caution. As we plodded slowly along, Mrs. Woolford's anxiety seemed greatly to increase. She told me—her voice broken by many gasps and sobs—that she had gone to bed somewhat anxious about her husband, but not particularly frightened, as she felt that he was able to take care of himself. During the night, however, she had been troubled by a terrible dream. *She had seen him in the dark walk off the road at Crowpoint.* 'Oh!' exclaimed she, wringing her hands, 'oh! that it may have meant nothing—that it may have been only a dream! But I fear—I fear! My God!' continued she wildly, 'this suspense is awful. Perhaps at this moment he lies crushed upon the rocks at the foot of that terrible cliff.'

"We reached Crowpoint.——And there across the road, resting upon his haunches, with his head over the outer edge of the road, seemingly looking into the deep gulf below, stood Mr. Woolford's horse. Impulsively we all at once sprang forward; but before Mrs. Woolford could cry out, or faint, a voice, jolly, but somewhat weak, came up from a point just below the road. 'All right,' it said,—'all right, old lady!—I am not gone yet. Help me out of this, boys, as soon as you can, for I am monstrous tired.'

"The horse did not move; but with body rigid and eyes fixed, stood as he did when we first entered upon the scene. By the help of the lights we soon discovered the head of Mr. Woolford just below the edge of the road. His right hand firmly grasped the roughened

point of a rock, while his left, maintaining its hold upon the stout reins of the bridle, accounted for the apparent interest of the horse in what was going on below. Fortunately, too, for Mr. Woolford, a large part of his weight, as he clung to the face of the cliff, was sustained by a narrow ledge upon which his feet were partially resting.

"There were three men of us, and we were young and vigorous men also, and then we had the assistance of the horse that held himself as firm as a rock against the heavy draft made upon him through the bridle; and yet it was not without much difficulty and exertion that we succeeded in dragging the old gentleman back upon the road. Giving himself a hearty shake, and drawing a long and deep breath,—before even noticing his wife, who stood near him, with quivering features and outstretched arms,—he said, with deep emotion: 'In the mercy of God my life has been spared. We should give Him the praise and render to Him the thanks. Let us all pray!" And there,—in the little circle of red light amid the gloom of that mountain peak—was offered up a prayer, which, for the eloquence of sincere feeling, I have never heard equalled. Its sonorous swell gave to every crag around a tongue of grateful acknowledgment to God. It reminded me of the thanksgiving of the great prophetess who dwelt under the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel, in Mount Ephraim, upon her triumphant return, from having gone down with Barak, against the hosts of the Cannaanites under Sisera.

"Then he arose from his knees, and, putting his brawny arms around his wife, said: 'Under the provi-

dence of God you and these dear boys have saved my life. How can I ever repay you?'

"I do not deserve any thanks, John,' said she affectionately. 'I was working for myself, too. What would life be without you?'

"But how was it that you came just when you were so much needed?' asked Mr. Woolford, as we picked our way, a happy party, back to the farm house. 'I hadn't quite given myself up for lost. I still had a little hope; but I could not have held out much longer.'

" 'Mother,' replied the older son, 'scarcely an hour before we reached you, dreamed that she saw you walk off the precipice; and in a few minutes she had brother and myself ready to attend her in the search. She was as wild as if she had really seen you take the terrible leap, and we could hardly move fast enough to suit her, although we did our best.'

" 'A dream!' muttered Mr. Woolford musingly, 'and about an hour before!' After a moment's pause he continued: 'I judge that was about the time I stumbled over. I had dismounted at the foot of the ridge, and had worked my way slowly upward, by feeling as I could not see, until I reached the top. I supposed I was near the middle of the road. It was well my horse, that I was leading, had a better idea of where we were than I had, and braced himself so strongly against me as I took the dangerous step. It was fortunate, too, that the bridle, in my fall, did not slip through my fingers.' Again he paused; and then again he muttered musingly: 'A dream! Truly the ways of Providence are past finding out. A dream—a dream!'

" 'Yes, a dream!' said I laughing, as we reached the house, and were about to separate for the night; 'and you may well wonder, for you are certainly a substantial body to be saved by the airy nothingness of a dream.'

" 'You have not put it exactly right,' answered Mr. Woolford, holding his wife close to him by both hands, and looking her fondly in the eyes,—'I was saved by Faith!"

All at the table expressed themselves as being delighted with Briarsley's spirited narrative of his youthful adventures among the mountains of East Tennessee. Silence having been obtained, Ernley said: "We are ready now to hear the promised historical tale of Alabama."

"Well," remarked Judge Crofton, "I am ready too. I fear, however, the story," he continued laughingly, "will not be found worthy of the consideration of so august an assemblage, and," he now spoke seriously, "I know it is not worthy of the subject." He went to his trunk and took out a roll of papers. Seating himself again at the table, he adjusted his spectacles, and seeing by a glance around that all were awake and expectant, he read the following account of

"TUSCALUZA; OR KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IN THE WILDERNESS OF ALABAMA.

"It was a lovely and romantic spot on the southern bank of a noble stream.* On every side was wide unbroken forest. Between the great trees, the eye in

*The Tallapoosa.

vision, could wander far over vast sweeping undulations of land, producing a short, thick, wiry-looking grass, and destitute of all other undergrowth, except along the banks of a little rivulet, which made its way by broad and easy windings into the large stream close by. This singular and beautiful cleanness of the forest, giving it in some sort the appearence, amid many marks of native wildness, of a smooth and well-kept lawn, was no doubt the result of annual fires. The day was bright; and the sun, which was about midway between its meridian and its setting, made golden the ripples of the lordly river, which moved so silently and with such an expression of resistless power between its heavily wooded banks; but none of its rays, finding an opening through the interlacing branches, reached the place, to which the reader has been invited, and which, it should be said, was not far from the centre of what is now known as eastern Alabama, in the early autumn of the year 1540. Down one of the vistas, which gracefully swept into a little sylvan valley, where a short bend of the streamlet before mentioned, brought its sparkling waters, like a miniature lake, to view from the midst of embracing thickets, a herd of deer piloted by a splended stag, had paused to drink. Scarcely, however, had their mouths touched the water, when their leader threw up his antlered-head with a shrill whistle of alarm; and immediately they were bounding away through the gray shadows of the woodland with the speed of the wind. The sudden flight of these fleet rovers of the wilderness was not at all remarkable; for what they saw was something startlingly new to the place. Here upon the bank of the river just above were they had paused to drink, and moving

about under the trees, were two men clad in complete armor. Their plumed crests and the banderoles of their heavy lances showed hard service, as they appeared sadly faded and frayed while fluttering in the light breeze.

"The two men, whose appearence harmonized so little with their surroundings, were a Spanish knight, Don Francisco de Anasco, and a Spanish man-at-arms, Juan Ortiz. They were followers of Hernando de Soto, the adventurous captain, who, led by bright visions of a high and enthusiastic ambition, introduced the chivalry and knight-errantry of the old world into the wildest heart of the new. Don Francisco was one of the most trusted lieutenants of that renowned chieftain, a distant relative, and the affianced husband of his niece, Dona Inez de Soto, the reigning belle of Seville. His face, which could be seen under the broken plumes of his visorless morion, was handsome, and while his features joined with his tall and robust form and active movements, denoted youthful vigor, they likewise—especially the full dark eyes, closed lips, strong jaw and prominent nose—indicated courage to meet danger, resolution to battle with it, and fortitude to sustain all its worst evils. Juan Ortiz, who had taken the helmet from his head, and was carrying it in his left hand, while his right grasped a stout Biscayan lance near the point, so that its ashen shaft trailed behind, as the two slowly paced back and forth, had a hard weather beaten face brought by sun and exposure to almost negro-blackness, with a shaggy beard and a bristling suit of coarse dark brown hair. His square frame, heavy-set and compact, and his firm and elastic tread, gave evidence of vast strength and no

ordinary powers of endurance. Connected with the ill-fated exposition of Narvaez into Florida, he had been captured by the Indians, and retained in the service of one of their chiefs until the march of De Soto from Tampa bay; when by chance he was rescued and attached to the army as interpreter. He was well fitted for this important position. Having remained with the Indians of Florida for nearly twelve years, he spoke their language fluently. Understanding too their habits and manners he was of great service to the expidition in the settlement of the many trying, difficult and delicate questions, which were constantly arising with the natives, as the little army moved upon its unknown and perilous way. An invaluable acquisition to the great undertaking of De Soto, and being a gallant soldier as well as a man of pleasant manners and conversation, he was treated by that chieftain with much consideration, and, at the same time, was received as a companion by many of the proud young hidalgos connected with the army.

"'What thinkest thou now, Juan?' asked Don Francisco; 'will she come? I am tired of waiting.'

"'I am sure of it,' was the confident reply. 'The one trait that is never wanting in the character of an Indian is gratitude. In no instance has he been known to forget a favor or a kindness. Besides, if I am not mistaken, there is a feeling stronger even than gratitude urging the girl to come here to-day,—and that is love.'

"'What dost thou mean?' asked the young knight, stopping short in his walk, and turning to his companion.

"'I mean,' answered Ortiz deliberately, 'that she has fallen in love with you.'

"'Pish!' ejaculated Don Francisco with some impatience. 'Let that pass—please. Thou art a close observer truly, if thou hast discovered that important secret in two hasty meetings; for I suppose thou hadst never seen her until I chanced to release her from custody at Tallassee a few days ago, and hast seen her but once for a few minutes since, when she gave thee the message that brought us here to-day.'

"'No matter: I think it is as I have said nevertheless. And I am glad of it rather. It is not a bad thing to have a safe and reliable friend at the dusky court of her father, Tuskaluza—the most powerful and warlike of all the chiefs of this wilderness. You helped the expedition no little, in my opinion, when you prevailed on the Governor not to hold her and her brother as hostages for the good faith of their father. Having come to Tallassee bearing an invitation from Tuskaluza for the army to visit his country, sound policy demanded that they should be kindly treated. As the soldiers, in obeying orders, surrounded them, and one or two laid their hands roughly upon the girl, I could see that she was much alarmed, and that she watched you in your appeals to the Governor for their release with the greatest solicitude. She really seemed to understand what you were so earnestly saying; and after you had succeeded, and the order for their release was given, she looked as different in her beauty, as does a morning rose fresh and sparkling with dew, from the same flower after it has been heated by the rays of the midday sun; and I observed that wherever you moved her eyes followed you with an expression of grateful

affection. But,' continued Ortiz somewhat maliciously, yet hesitatingly and deferentially,—for although the betrothal to Don Francisco of the lovely niece of the Adelantado was generally known throughout the army, the rough soldier was not sure how the haughty Castilian blood of the young cavalier would brook any allusion to it from him,—'but what will Dona Inez say when she learns that you have a true love out here in the wilderness?'

"De Anasco displayed neither surprise nor resentment at the remark of his companion; on the contrary, when replying to it he seemed by his absent manner to be partly thinking of something else—perhaps of the many freshly budding charms of the daughter of Tuskaluza. He said: 'I shall give pain, I trust, to Dona Inez no more by my actions here than elsewhere. I am a gentleman, and consequently am as far from doing basely in this wilderness, as when I stand within the brilliant circle surrounding the throne of my sovereign.'

"'Good!' said Ortiz bluntly. 'I wish some of the other leading officers of the expedition felt as you do. We would then have less trouble with the Indians. At any rate I trust the Governor will not, as he unfortunately did at Chiaha, in answer to their unworthy solicitations, endeavor again by force to take Indian women away from home, kindred and country. And then, destroying the crops because the people betook themselves to the woods for protection, was a poor return for all their kindness to us.'

"The crackling of brush was heard not far away. Ortiz stopped in his walk, and looking in the direction of the sound, exclaimed: 'But here she comes at last to speak for herself.'

"From the cluster of bushes and vines about the place where the little stream emptied into the river the Indian girl emerged, and, with a light and active step, approached the spot occupied by the two Spaniards. She paused before Don Francisco; and with no greeting, unless a bowed head, eyes cast to the ground, and hands crossed upon her bosom, might be considered one, she stood motionless. She was dressed in a robe made of the skins of martens, soft and glossy, reaching nearly to the tops of her richly embroidered moccasins, and gathered at the waist by a girdle of large pearls obtained from the muscles of the smaller streams, securely strung together. Her neck, right arm and shoulder, which were exquisitely moulded, were bare, except where they were concealed by masses of hair, which fell in a shower of ebon blackness about her graceful person. A band made of a kind of network of strung pearls holding many brightly colored feathers adorned her head. The rare picturesqueness of her attire was in perfect harmony with the spirited bearing and wild beauty of this dusky-featured maiden of the woods, and helped to make her look, in very truth, an Indian queen. The tones of her voice were soft and mellow, but the flow of her words was now and then broken by long and troubled pauses, as she replied to Don Francisco, who said, upon her approach, that he had gladly waited upon her at the place appointed, and desired to know in what way he could serve her. The interpretation of her answer, as given by Ortiz, was about as follows:

"'I wanted to see the young warrior from beyond the great waters once more. I wanted to thank him for his kindness to the Fawn of Movile. I have always

been free. As a captive I would pine away and die. You have saved me from that evil. I am grateful. I will never forget your goodness. I am ready to serve you. Listen! My father is a great chief. He loves his people. He does not love the pale faces. He thinks you have come for the ruin of his country. War is his delight. While he will open his home to you, around it will be concealed his fiercest warriors. They will be prepared for your destruction. Go not with Tuskaluza. Go back the way you have come. But if you must go with him be cautious. Do not offend him. Let his people alone, and stay not long in his country. And be watchful. He must see that your eyes and ears are open. Then he may let you pass on without trouble. I have spoken. I hope the white warrior's ears are long, and he has heard all my words. Farewell! Farewell!'

"She sprang impulsively forward, and seizing Don Francisco's hand, pressed it to her brow and bosom, and turning she darted like a bird away through the forest, and was speedily lost to view in the thicket from which she had issued only a few minutes before.

"'That was quite a hurried and abrupt leave-taking, was it not, Juan? I am sorry of it, too; I desired to talk with her further. However, she has given us intelligence upon which we should act. I will carry it at once to De Soto.'

"These words were uttered by De Anasco as he and Juan proceeded to their horses, which were tethered not far off, amid the drooping lower branches of a huge water oak. He spoke carelessly and coldly, as if he took no other interest in the Indian girl than such as might naturally be called up by the value and

importance of her information. Having reached their chargers, they sprang into their saddles and rode rapidly away, the ringing of their armor being heard for sometime after they had passed out of sight.

"The next morning De Soto broke up his camp, which was only a few miles from the spot just described, and lower down on the bank of the same river. He proceeded in a southwesterly direction, through dense forests, across black and tangled ravines, interspersed with vast reaches of cane—the secure lairs of multitudes of wild beasts—to a small village, upon the confines of the territory of Tuskaluza. This village was the place appointed for the meeting of these two great chieftains.

"Tuskaluza had already arrived, and was waiting. As the Spaniards approached, he was seated upon a pile of cushions, near the crest of a slight eminence, in the midst of a wide circle of his most stalwart braves. His head was protected from the sun by the barred banner of his tribe, which was held above him by the one who bore it in battle. Fierce and powerful in fight, with a skin much darker than that of the ordinary Indian, his name (Tuskaluza, or Black Warrior,) was not inappropriate. A robe of the finest skins yielded by the animals of his country rested upon his shoulders, and fell in easy folds about his person, which, with a plumed head-dress of brilliant colors, and sandals of untanned leather, completed his graceful costume.

"The great chief was fully equal to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Not for a moment did he fail in the stoical dignity of an Indian king. Mute and motionless, he held himself as if he

were lord of all he surveyed. The glance of his bright black eye was proud and high, while the stern and hard repose of his swarthy face was unbroken—betraying not only no surprise at what was so new and remarkable, but not even consciousness of the brilliant array of cavaliers before him, until De Soto, separating himself from his officers, walked into the open space in front of the cushioned throne. Tuskaluza then arose and advanced a few paces. When he stood up, it was discovered by the strangers that his form, splendidly developed, approached the gigantic. The person of De Soto seemed dwarfed into insignificance by the side of the massive body of the princely savage. Taking the gauntleted hand extended to him, the chief, with much grace, and yet with a coldness which to De Anasco appeared significant, and in words of more than ordinary Indian brevity and directness, welcomed the Adelantado to the land of the Movilians. Said he: 'Few words are best. It is my way to say little. Your presents came. I value them because a great chief sent them. You can be my brother if you will. But will you? I hope so. If I can help you, speak! and your wishes shall be met. I have done.'

"De Soto, with the bluntness of a soldier, but with all the refined policy of a thorough courtier, replied as follows: 'The words of Tuskaluza are very pleasant. They are good. They have gone to my heart. To be considered his brother is my dearest wish. A king might be proud of the honor, for the fame of Tuskaluza is not confined to this place. I have heard of him wherever I have gone since I landed upon these beautiful shores. Known throughout this great country, he is loved by his friends and feared by his

enemies. I am glad that I have been permitted to see him. Many moons have I traveled for the purpose; and I have come only to do him and his people good. I wish to get gold—something that he does not want; and to give him in exchange for it something that he needs. I have here, in further token of my regard for him as a high and mighty chief, such a dress as our kings across the great water wear when they go abroad, or receive their headmen in council. I hope my brother will accept it.'

"An attendant brought forward the presents and laid them at the feet of the chief. They consisted of many glittering trinkets and a fine suit of scarlet, including mantle, cap and plume. The color was the favorite one of the Indian, and Tuskaluza was, no doubt, pleased, although he exhibited no especial mark of gratification.

——"But a short stay was made by De Soto at this village. Placing himself at the head of his army, with Tuskaluza by his side, clad in the gorgeous dress referred to, and mounted upon the largest packhorse of the expedition, whose powers, however, the weight of the huge Indian taxed to the utmost, the Adelantado moved in the direction of Movile. The country through which he passed, though in many localities wild and savage in the extreme, became richer and fairer as he advanced; the settlements were larger and closer together; the land better cultivated, and provisions more abundant. During the march, which continued near a week, he kept Tuskaluza close to his person as security for the peace of the people, who, at times, were swarming all around him like bees,—though he strove to conceal the motive. With all his

care and circumspection, however, he was unable to deceive the suspicious and wily chief, who readily saw that he was a prisoner, and as readily determined to be revenged. On more than one occasion Tuskaluza dispatched messengers to Movile, for the hospitable purpose, he said, of preparing his people to give a a fitting reception to the Spaniards, but which, De Anasco doubted not, meant a bloody reception: and he again and more earnestly besought De Soto to be on his guard. But despite these warnings, although strengthened by so many well-known circumstances, the fearless leader of the expedition left in the camp a few miles from Movile the main body of his troops, under Don Luis de Moscozo, with instructions to follow at the earliest moment, while he pressed forward to the city with only two hundred men.

"Movile stood on the bank of the same magnificent river,* which De Soto had crossed two or three days before, and down the right bank of which he had since marched his army. It was the capital of Tuskaluza's dominions. That its inhabitants were warlike, and were a people of some ingenuity, seemed evident from the manner in which it was built and fortified. The houses were immense structures, and were so disposed as to form a great central public square, upon which all of them fronted. The place was surrounded by high walls made of the trunks of huge trees, planted on end deeply in the ground, and fastened at top securely and firmly together. These were surmounted by towers, closely and regularly spaced, between which were numerous loopholes for the discharge of arrows and stones. In the midst of some marks of rejoicing,

*The Alabama.

not, however, very enthusiastic, the soldiers of De Soto made their way through the eastern gate, and between the houses to the great square. Don Francisco de Anasco, the chief lieutenant present with the little band, was fully on the alert. No welcome on the part of the Indians would have lulled his suspicions for a moment; the one received only served to increase them. He sent Juan Ortiz to ascertain, if possible, who were in the houses, any one of which was large enough to conceal a thousand men. The interpreter returned almost immediately with information, obtained through a spy or two in his pay, that they were full of warriors, painted, armed and eager for battle. De-Anasco communicated the startling facts to De Soto. Just then Tuskaluza arose from the block upon which he had been seated, and with a haughty inclination of his lofty head to the Adelantado said:

"This is my home. You are welcome. I am much chief here. I go now. Prisoner no more. You stay here. Move not—I come back soon with other chiefs."

After this cold and sententious speech, scorning haste as indicating fear, he walked slowly and majestically in the direction of one of the houses.

"Don Francisco de Anasco sprang forward to stop him; but two powerful Indians threw themselves in his path. With a sweep of his heavy sword he clove one—a young chief—to the chin; but before he could release himself from the other, who had grappled him about the waist, Tuskaluza had passed beyond his reach. This struggle brought an avalanche of Indians upon the Spaniards. They poured by hundreds from every doorway—all aroused by the death of one of their headmen to a pitch of absolute frenzy. The

deadly war-whoop was given, and fierce screams and yells rent the air. The fight instantly commenced, and soon became general. The trained soldiers, holding themselves firmly and compactly together, and facing outwardly, opposed, on every side, a solid front of steel to the furious onsets of the Indians, and at the same time, slowly moved toward the gate of the city, by which they had entered. Headed by De Soto, with DeAnasco on his right, they cut their way through the struggling mass of enemies, as a gallant ship cleaves the surging billows of an angry ocean, until they freed themselves from the walls, and were once more in the open country. Among the Indians the slaughter was fearful; but undismayed by it, they pressed upon the hostile weapons of death with unexampled ferocity,—using their heavy clubs upon helmet, buckler and cuirass with such power that the ringing blows could be heard far above the shouts and cries of the combatants. At this juncture the main body of the army, under Moscozo, reached the spot, and, by a determined and vigorous charge, drove the Indians back into the city,—not, however, until the latter had captured all the baggage and stores of the expedition. Closing the gate, they beat the Spaniards back, by raining upon them from every loophole and tower along the opposing walls, a merciless shower of arrows and stones, when, rushing out again, they renewed the battle with their clubs, but were once more, after a desperate fight and terrible carnage, driven in the enclosure. An assault was now made by the Spaniards upon the walls at many points, and having hewed down the gates and parts of the adjacent walls with their battle-axes, they made openings for the entrance

of the whole force into the city. As they fought their way in

> 'At once there rose so wild a yell,
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
> Had pealed the banner-cry of hell,'

and the rush of the Indians was terrific. With them, it seemed, the battle had just commenced. There was no hesitation—there was no holding back on their part anywhere. Down—down they swept from every quarter; some vigorously plying their clubs; some seizing the opposing swords and lances as they were raised to strike; and others leaping upon the shoulders of their comrades in advance and precipitating themselves upon the helmeted heads of the enemy, in maddened efforts, by sheer weight and momentum, to crush them to the earth. And woe to the Spaniard who fell; for the Indians were instantly piled upon him in such numbers that, wounded or unwounded, there was small chance of his rising again.

"The tall form of Tuskaluza could be seen wherever the battle raged hottest and blood flowed thickest, encouraging, cheering, and leading his men. Many a sword was raised to cut him down; but, in every instance it drank the blood of some devoted follower, who threw himself in the way of the descending weapon to save the life of his beloved chief. But all his heroic exertions were fruitless. The undisciplined valor of naked men, armed with clubs and stones, could make but little impression upon veteran soldiers, sheathed in armor and wielding the deadliest weapons known to warfare. The Indians, their best and bravest having fallen, were driven back on every side; and finally, after a nine hours' struggle, in which nearly

one-half of those, who had so courageously entered into the unequal contest, were slain, the shattered remnant was forced to take shelter in the houses. The victorious Spaniards, infuriated by their wounds, for every one of them was injured—many seriously—and by the death of eighty-two of their comrades, seized torches to make an end by fire at once of Tuskaluza, his people, and his city.

"Scattered parties of Indians were still to be seen, hurrying hither and thither between and around the houses, in the effort to escape the vengeance of the pursuing Spaniards, as Don Francisco de Anasco stopped in the midst of the blood and death of the great central square, and leaned heavily upon his sword. He was nearly alone,—but few of his men being within reach,—and he was not only suffering from exhaustion, but from two severe wounds. The pain of both, however, was forgotten in a moment, when he saw a female spring from the largest one of the great buildings on the western side of the square, and speed across the area in the direction of himself. A single glance satisfied him that the maiden was the Fawn of Movile. Scarcely, however, had he time for the thought when from the same house issued Tuskaluza in eager and rapid pursuit. To call to one or two passing soldiers to follow him, and to rush toward the flying girl, was the work of an instant. But before he could pass one-half of the intervening space, as he had to hew his way through a crowd of Indians, who had promptly thrown themselves in his way, she was seized by her father, and borne again into the house from which she had escaped. Having been joined by some of his men, De Anasco had succeeded in scattering the

opposing body of these often beaten but still unconquered warriors, when the roaring of the flames announced that the efforts of the Spaniards to fire the several houses had been successful, and the entire city was in a blaze. Though not unused to scenes of atrocity in the Spanish-Indian wars, he looked with horror upon a conclusion so terrible to the bloody work of the day.

"Just then an opening was made in the roof of the house of Tuskaluza; and through it in full view of all in the square, slowly came the great chief leading his lovely daughter. About that house, as well as all the others, the flames were now madly leaping and roaring; and yet within them not a sound was heard. The Indians were evidently determined not to survive their slaughtered brethren and the ruin of their country. Tuskaluza stood erect upon his blazing roof, and holding his daughter by the hand, chanted his death-song. The magnificient yet awful picture hushed the shouts of the exultant Spaniards; and the wailing notes,—even the words,—could be heard. 'I go,' sang he, 'I go from sorrow to joy. I go with my braves to our fathers. I go with them to the happy hunting grounds prepared for us by the Great Spirit. It is well—it is well!' The roof suddenly sank amid a sea of billowy flame; and one of the nobliest of savage heroes and patriots was no more.

"———With the death of Tuskaluza this history properly ends. To satisfy, however, those curious readers, who may wish to know exactly what became of De Anasco, it may be well to say, that he continued with De Soto, during his subsequent, and most disastrous wanderings in the wilderness; that he was

present, and assisted at the burial of the chivalrous but unfortunate and broken-hearted chieftain in the great Father of Waters; and that he was one of the few, who made their way through terrible hardships and dangers to Mexico. Here for a time he was lost sight of. He certainly, however, got back to his native country; as many of the Spanish court-chronicles, of the year 1544, are filled with glowing accounts of the marriage of Don Francisco de Anasco and the beautiful Dona Inez de Soto. It also appears from these veracious and most interesting histories, that he rose high in the favor of Charles V,—becoming one of the confidential officers of that renowned monarch, both at the court and in the field. But it may well be doubted, whether all the charms of his wife—and she was said to be a pearl of discretion and sweetness, as well as beauty—or the gracious favor of the Emperor, kept him from often thinking in secret, with feelings that the gentle Inez might not have sanctioned, of the sad fate of the artless and lovely Fawn of Movile."

PART III.—NIGHTS IN CAMP.

SOUTHERN MANHOOD—MAMMY CÆSAR.

> And let me tell you, girl,
> Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die;
> They with the sun and moon renew their light
> Forever, blessing those that look on them.
>
> —Tennyson's Princess.

> And could my heart's blood give thy wish to thee
> I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts;
> Thy dying father comes upon my soul
> With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
> I hold thee in my arms a powerless babe,
> While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
> Fixed her faint eyes on mine.
>
> —Coleridge.

THE servants had barely cleared away the wreck of the supper, and the dishes, from the table, around which the party in camp were seated, when Charley Wenker, who had lying before him a package wrapped in blue paper, called loudly for the promised essay from Colonel Ernley.

"Yes," said Maltman, with a sort of groan, "let us have Ernley's discourse. Charley calls it a coming essay; but I know it is going to be a regular-built speech. If Ernley were to write history, he would, as Macauley says Fox did—write it after the manner of an oration."

"What have you got there, Charley," asked Ernley, pointing to the bundle.

"Oh, never mind!—you go on with your part of the show," replied Charley.

"Perhaps you wish to submit some of your literary sinnings to the pity of your friends,—if so, I will give way with pleasure. I should dislike to balk you in any thing upon which you had set your heart."

Charley did not answer, but looked somewhat defiantly at Ernley, who all the while was straightening out the sheets of the manuscript that he had taken from his pocket. Having arranged it to his satisfaction, and premising that the facts and figures therein given, with regard to the war and reconstruction, were gleanings from journals of the day, he read as follows:

"SOUTHERN MANHOOD.

"Justice has never been done the character of the Southern people. Its imperfections have been magnified; and its excellences, in some instances, have been wholly denied, and, in others, but partially and grudgingly admitted. When, however, that character shall have been fully investigated and fairly weighed, it will be found to combine elements not only of the highest purity, but those even of the highest grandeur.

"Macaulay has somewhere said substantially that a people, who are a dominant race, have peculiar virtues and peculiar vices,—the virtues and vices of masters as opposed to the virtues and vices of slaves,—that the character of such a people, in one view, is noble and chivalrous, and irresistibly extorts applause; in another, insolvent and cruel, and imperatively invites disapprobation. This statement, though no doubt correct in its general application, is not entirely so, when applied to the white men of the South. With them, indeed, as a class, all the higher virtues peculiar to a superior caste, are found to exist, but

they are associated with none of the darker and more repulsive vices. While these men are haughty and imperious, they are brave, truthful and honest. While they are rash and hasty in adopting an opinion and forming a wish, and self-willed in maintaining that opinion and in pursuing the object of that wish, they have, in large measure, not only the generosity, which leads men to relieve the distress, and extenuate the faults, of others, but the sense of justice, which impels them to repair every injury, and make amends for every wrong, of which they have themselves been guilty. While, in shunning dishonor as the greatest of earthly evils, they are quick to take offense, and quick to right themselves by the strong hand, they are equally ready to accept with satisfaction every reasonable atonement. While they are tenacious of their privileges either real or assumed, and proud of their pure Caucasian blood, they are so tenacious of right, so full of charity, and have withal so intense a self-respect, that oppression and tyranny, which those privileges and that pride of race, have otherwise made somewhat easy, are rendered well-nigh impossible to them. Having at the fireside, woman, who, in every sense of the word, is the light and inspiration of home—woman, who is adorned with every domestic virtue and every christian grace—woman, who has as little thought of stepping beyond the limits of the circle, where she reigns supreme, into the dust and turmoil of man's arena, as she has of arraying herself in his clothing, taking charge of his business, and fighting his battles—woman, who is looked up to, as a sort of superior intelligence, and treated with a lofty courtesy, and a refined tenderness, which, like the

gentle south wind of Shakespeare, breathing upon a bank of violets, both steals and imparts odor, or like that poets mercy which is twice blessed—blessing the one who gives as well as the one who receives—these Southern men have not only those high and princely virtues, which exist in the depths of all noble natures, but along with them, mutually quickening and strengthening each other, those quiet home virtues so implacably and utterly hostile to immorality in public and in private affairs—in business and in amusements.

"To show that this estimate of the Southern people is not at all exaggerated,—is not the mere partial opinion of a Southern man, but on the contrary, as far as it goes, is emphatically just and true,—they can point to certain indisputable facts in their history.

"They can point to the fact, that when their young and able bodied men were taken from home by the demands of a great war, the inferior, then a subject race, guarded well and vigilantly the property and families of the absent warriors, and industriously tilled the soil for the maintenance of all—in truth was an orderly and faithful, as when the means of compelling obedience were abundant; and although, with the coming of peace and the coming of freedom and citizenship to the members of that race, the promptings of ignorance and vanity, on the one hand, and the seductions of gilded and specious promises, on the other, led them, or rather a part of them, away from those, whom they had before served, it was only for a time,—they speedily came back to the old support and the old friendship, and to both they have remained resolutely faithful. The volcano, upon which Southern society was so long said to have been resting, and

which, it was alleged, only constant and vigorous pressure could keep from fearful and destructive eruptions, was found by the would-be-alarmists, upon the removal of the so-called pressure, to be no volcano at all,—instead of the liquid lava-fires of repressed hate below, were seen the limpid waters of unobtrusive gratitude and affection, whose flow subsequent events have only served to deepen and to strengthen.

"They can point to the fact, that, if among them duelism has not been sufficiently discountenanced, no favor whatever has been shown to socialism, agrarianism, communism,—if among them have happened breaches of the peace, the disturbances have seldom been the wide-spread, lasting and disastrous work of mobs, in lawless depredation upon the rights and interests of others,—if among them have occurred murders, there have been but few of those murders, which have super-added to other horrors the atrocious violation of the closest domestic ties, and fewer still, if possible, of those other kinds of crime, which can fitly be characterized only by the epithets of disgustingly mean and desperately wicked.

"They can point to the fact, that Southern woman has never unsexed herself. The simple-minded Sir Hugh Evans, after peeping under the disguise of the supposed old woman of Brentford, and seeing there the shaggy face of Falstaff says: 'I like not when a woman has a great peard. I spy a great peard under her muffler.' No such beard can be discovered under the muffler of Southern woman. She has never sympathized with the woman-rights' movement in other parts of the world. She has never asked the privilege of the ballot-box. She has never attempted to shine as

public lecturer or orator. She has never offered to guide or direct any part of the machinery of government. She has been rarely the author of crime, and, it may be added, what is almost as much to her honor, as rarely the victim of crime; and, indeed, never such victim, except where the perpetrator was, not partly, but wholly, a beast. Modesty, and all other true womanly traits, have so hedged her around, and elevated her above the ordinary plane of humanity, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say,—she has been beyond the reach of such evils; vice has shrunk abashed from her presence; calmly and serenely, a very queen, she has walked only amid devoted worshippers.

"And finally they can point to the fact, that their public offices, as well as their public places of instruction and amusement, have been strictly devoted to the objects for which they were instituted. While from the latter, whatever might be wanting in a tendency to improve and elevate, has been rigidly excluded; in the former, every instance of corruption has been followed by the swift punishment, and, what is almost as much to the purpose, by the disgrace and social ostracism of the offender—he has been at once and forever, 'pilloried on infamy's high stage.' Their halls of legislation have been chambers for the making of good laws, and their courts of justice, tribunals for their faithful execution,—neither have ever been marts of bribery nor engines of oppression. Their theatres have been houses for the representation of the legitimate drama,—never for the propagation of vice, nor the exhibition of indecency. Their lecture-rooms have been places for sound moral and intellectual instruc-

tion,—never for the poisonous teachings of rabid political economists, strong, or rather coarse-minded women, literary mountebanks and blatant infidels. And their pulpits have been sacred stands, never public platforms,—stands for preaching the word of God; never platforms for publishing the word of man,—stands for proclaiming salvation, because of a crucified and risen Christ; never platforms for announcing safety, because of a dead and buried hell,—stands for enforcing the living truths of Heavenly wisdom; never platforms for presenting the effete dogmas of worldly isms,—stands over which it may well be said, the white wings of angels have rustled in the soft and life-giving atmosphere of gospel prayer and praise, faith and love; never platforms from which these celestial messengers have been driven, in fluttering dismay and horror, by the icy breathings of a self-sufficient intellectuality, or the fiery gusts of partisan prejudice and passion.

"But enough has been said to demonstrate that the Southern people are endowed with the golden virtues, which go to make up a good people. The question now arises,—Have they the iron virtues, which, along with the others, go to make up a truly great people? In other words, have they firmness, fortitude, resolution,—have they enterprise, pluck, energy? These stalwart virtues have been most persistently and clamorously denied them by the people of other states—inded so persistently and so clamorously, that some faint echoes of the disparaging words have even been heard from Southern hill-tops and mountain-sides. It is true, that a sort of spasmodic resolution and enterprise is, in the midst of these detractions, accorded the Southern people, which is represented, as were the

famous claymore charges of the Scottish Highlanders, under Montrose and Dundee, to be bold, furious and irresistible, but soon at an end—speedily exhausted by its own violence. A glance, however, at the disastrous days of the late war, the still more disastrous days of reconstruction, and the few years of imperfect peace that immediately followed, will show the utter groundlessness of the aspersion, and, at the same time, excite the wonder of candid men that it has been so long and so pertinaciously maintained, with something of contempt for those, who parrot-like, have uttered the cry nearer home.

1. "The Southern people wanting in firmness—resolution! What are the facts as given by the history of those days? Let us briefly examine them. Destitute of many of the munitions of war, hemmed in by sea and land, with resources scanty in the beginning and every day diminishing, encouraged by but slight hopes of final success at home, and by not even the knowledge of good wishes from abroad, the Southern people steadily faced for four long years of war, a people, among whom were five or six times the fighting men, and twenty or thirty times the available wealth, with the numberless advantages which wealth ever commands,—a people having possession and control of the sword and purse of the Federal Government,—and a people into whose open ports were poured all the while a steadily increasing stream of arms and soldiers from surrounding nations. The Southern armies aggregating for the first three campaigns, but little more than a half million of men, ill-armed, ill-equipped, ill-fed and ill-clothed,—frequently victorious, sometimes beaten back, but always presenting an unbroken

front,—held grimly at bay the vast bodies of Northern soldiery, aggregating for the same period more than two millions of men, bountifully supplied with all the necessaries and conveniences known to civilized warfare, and armed with weapons of death furnished by the inventive genius of the world. In the closing campaign of the great struggle the effective strength of the Southern armies was so much reduced, and the effective strength of the Northern armies was so much increased, that the hostile arrays stood at about, on an average, one to eight; and yet the fight went bravely on. And, when the last little army of jaded and ragged and starving 'rebels' made their final stand, and looked around upon the broad cordon of foes, which, bristling with bayonets, was slowly and mercilessly tightening about them, they quailed not; but with ranks closed, and muskets poised, they unflinchingly held their ground—ready for a bloody death, but never for surrender. That bloody death, it should be added, was only prevented by the great christian heart of their matchless leader, who knew that the inevitable end had come; and, amid the sobs and groans of the few miserable survivors of that grand army, whose prowess shall ever live in history and song, he issued the orders, which grounded their guns, sheathed their swords, and folded their flag forever! The Southern people lacking in resolution! What was this? I repeat the question,—what was this? But even this is not all. These Southern people saw, as is further shown by the history of those days, the upheaval, by which the whole social and civil fabric, that they had so thoughtfully and carefully reared and that they so devotedly loved, was laid in ruins. They saw their fountains of law

and fountains of justice polluted. They saw in their midst ignorance and infamy in power. The saw knaves the keepers of their public purses and the arbiters of their private rights. They saw themselves,—gentlemen proud of their standing and descent—gentlemen, who shrank with a shudder from the faintest touch of aught that suggested degradation,—subordinated to their former slaves, just from the lowest drudgery of the field and the household. Although they saw these and more than these horrors—were subjected to these and more than these indignities;—and, although the light of hope waxed dim, and the light of happiness was altogether lost amid the surrounding darkness, they, with unbending quietude, bore all these evils for days; *for months;* FOR YEARS. The Southern people lacking in firmness—resolution! Here was an exhibition of the highest firmness!—of a firmness, patient, long-suffering, chivalrous!—of a resolution unexampled in the history of human affliction and human endurance!

2. "And the Southern people, wanting in enterprise, pluck, energy! Look at the facts as still further given by the history of those days! The war left the greater part of their country a desert. Piles of ashes and blackened chimney-stacks upon thousands of hill-tops and in thousands of valleys, told where stately mansions and substantial farm-houses had once stood, and square mile after square mile of unenclosed common in every state, where once had shone fields rich with the yields of cotton and corn. Railroads were broken up; mills, gin houses and bridges were burned; stock of all sorts were scattered and destroyed; and the small remnant of provisions left were being consumed.

But the crowning disaster is yet to be mentioned:—A large part of the youthful vigor and enterprise, by which the foregoing and other losses were mainly to be met and supplied, was sleeping under the bloody sod of numerous battle-grounds. Statistics show that the Southern people lost by the war, at least three-fourths of all their possessions, and at least one-fifth of the men who could be made subject to military duty. But, although thus beaten and impoverished, these Southern people had to face other trials and shoulder other burdens. The spoliations to which they were subjected, by the measures of reconstruction, may be surmised by reference to those, which nine of the Southern States had to bear,—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. The public debts in those states in 1868, aggregated about fifty million dollars; in 1871, about two hundred and fifteen million dollars. In these three years of rule founded on the reconstruction system about one hundred and sixty-five million dollars of debts were piled upon the backs of a people nearly prostrate by the loss of three-fourths of their wealth. And the local taxes paid by the people of those states in 1860, when they had four-fourths of that property were only about ten million dollars,—in 1870, when they had but one-fourth, were about twenty-five million dollars. Does it not seem remarkable that a people could have survived a pressure so terrible? Does it not seem that the spirit would have been crushed and exertion paralyzed? Was it so, however, in this instance? What are the facts? Sad, but not despairing, wearied but not broken down, tottering and reeling under the load but never falling, the Southern people struggled on,—

now slowly advancing,—now stationary,—now driven back,—ever and anon seeing the gains of one day swept away on the morrow,—but still cheered by such gains, they fought their way during those gloomy days inch by inch, to something of ease and comfort; until by one supreme effort, they threw off the governments, that had been eating out and wasting their substance. and assumed the management of their own local affairs. They immediately, but steadfastly and deliberately, proceeded to

> 'Ring out the old, ring in the new,
> Ring out the false, ring in the true.'

Public credit and the other agencies of public welfare, at once dutifully and faithfully attended the business-walks of Southern officials; and plenty and happiness once more sat constantly in the light and warmth of Southern fire-sides. The Southern people lacking in enterprise—energy! Here was an exhibition of the grandest enterprise,—strong, persistent, unfailing,—an energy as brilliantly active, as it was stubbornly enduring, and surmounting obstacles as grave as ever met man in his career upon earth!—a manhood, indeed, to which the Southern people can point with satisfaction throughout all the ages, and which should ever be regarded by the unconquerable white blood of the world with sentiments of pride and admiration.

"A few words now, in conclusion, with regard to a phrase, by no means delectable in signification, however much so in sound, which has lately been introduced into this country by some who have failed to appreciate the character of the Southern people. That phrase is made up of only three little words, but, in

their collocation, they are weighty words—The New South! Many in our midst, who have been so industriously ringing the changes upon the phrase, are perhaps scarcely aware of the meaning attached to it by the originator and his immediate followers. They want, let it be understood, a new South!—not the old South improved, but a new South!—not the old structure strengthened, where it may have been weakened, and repaired where it may have been damaged, but a new structure—new in foundation, new in fashion, and new in material!—not the old habits, manners and customs, not the old ideas in social, political and business matters, with such improvement as would result from natural growth, quickened and enriched, but new habits, manners and customs, new ideas in social, political and business matters,—in short, the substitution of Northern civilization for Southern civilization! The hopes of these pseudo-reformers can never be realized; but if they could be and were realized, no greater misfortune, no greater disaster, could befall the whole country, North as well as South,in the loss, if in nothing else, of the old Southern conservatism, and the old Southern statesmanship. But let it be repeated: These hopes can never be realized. The old South is not dead yet; nor, as has been made plain by previous remarks, does she intend to die, or suffer herself to be destroyed.

"The revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought thousands of Huguenots to England,—she profited by their inventive talents; the elevation of William, Prince of Orange, to the throne, brought thousands of Dutchmen to England,—she profited by their industry; the union with Scotland brought thousands of Scotchmen

to England,—she profited by their thrift; the organization of the East India Company brought the Orient to the feet of England,—she profited by its wealth;—but she was old England still!—the groundwork of her national character was the same; and her institutions, amid all advancement and progress, were the legitimate outgrowth of principles implanted in her bosom, before they were digested into form, and wrung by the iron hands of the old barons from the tyrannical grasp of the unprincipled John. So the South will welcome and profit by Northern industries and Northern capital. And though, by the help of these, she will become stronger and more prosperous, and be arrayed in a newer and richer dress, she will be at heart the old South still!—In her great manufactures brightened and invigorated by her yet greater agriculture, she will be the old South!—In her respect for law and order; in her love of official and individual integrity; in her detestation of all her meanness and baseness,—she will be the old South! In her hostility to rings and monopolies—to every species of corporate greed and oppression; in her hatred of nepotism, rationalism, socialism, communism, and all sorts of mobism; in her reverence for honor; in her reverence for woman; in her reverence for religion,—she will be the old South! Indeed in all the elements of a splendid manhood,—a manhood that loves light rather than darkness, because its deeds are not evil,—a manhood ever ready to labor and to wait—to do and to suffer,—she will be the old South—the old South—forever and forever!"

"Well and bravely done, Ernley," shouted the enthusiastic Charley. "That 'Southern Manhood' oration suits me exactly. It is splendid. In proof of that, look at Maltman! He was fast asleep last night in the midst of the adventures of Tuskaluza,—but he is wide awake now,—in fact he didn't bat an eye from the beginning to the ending of your 'speech.' While, however, I endorse all of its main points, I very much fear that the 'Old South,' of whose permanence the wish to you is, perhaps, father to the thought, is about done-for, or, at any rate, is being done-for. The progressive 'new' will likely be found too much for the conservative 'old.' Before the year 1900, those of us who are living will very probably see that many of those old-time Southern virtues, of which you so eloquently speak in your peroration, will have 'evanished amid the storm'—of immigration.

"Now," continued Charley, who talked so rapidly that no one could put in a word, "I have a companion-piece to the one that has just been given." Taking up his bundle and unrolling it, "I want to read a sketch or tale, written by a friend, which exhibits one of the most delightful phases of the old Southern life,—of which but the wreck now remains,—and which in a few years, say, by the aforesaid A. D. 1900, will be simply a memory."

"Charley!" exclaimed Haverwood, suddenly and warningly, who, perhaps, knew what was coming from the color of the paper in which the manuscript had been wrapped,—"Charley, you are not going to read that stuff?"

"I most assuredly am," answered Charley, decidedly. "I would like to know why I shouldn't?—it belongs

to me, and besides—But permit me first to tell you all how I got it. I was in Montgomery, a month or so ago; and while there, of course, I passed most of my time in Haverwood's office. Sitting there one morning when his mail was brought, I heard him give vent to an energetic 'pish!' as he opened and took from a large envelope a roll of manuscript. He remarked to me, after a while, that he had sent, a few weeks before, an article to the C—— Magazine, and '*that*,' continued he, tossing a note over to me, 'is the result of it.' I read the note, which was from the assistant editor. It said simply that the article was well written, and then went on: 'but it just misses the literary touch which would make a story of this character desirable for us.' Haverwood also allowed me to read the story (he subsequently gave it to me); and, while I am no critic, I must say that I know when incidents of plantation life are truthfully described, and when those incidents are worthy of preservation; and feeling that both are met in this story of 'Mammy Cæsar,' I have decided to read it to you—Mr. Haverwood's wishes to the contrary notwithstanding. So here goes:"

"MAMMY CÆSAR.

"THREE EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN ALABAMA NEGRO SOON AFTER THE WAR.

"EP. FIRST.

"The 'great house,' in Virginia-negro parlance, stood on the hill. The cabin nestled in a cosy nook not far from its foot. The one, slate-colored, many-roomed, and low-roofed, with brown chimneys piercing every angle above, and vine-clad verandas enwreathing

every angle below, amid thickets of evergreens and flowering shrubs, about which, on either side from the huge arched gateway on the lane, swept broad gravelled carriage-roads, fringed with stately oaks, showed a comfortable planter's home in Alabama, not far from the beautiful waters of the Warrior River, during the latter part of May, 1870. The other, an ordinary cabin built of hewed logs, well chinked and whitewashed, with a rough porch in front, beautified by a few vines curling up the posts, and trailing from the eaves, showed a comfortable negro's home in the same locality and at the same time. In the one was domiciled Colonel Rodman Breck, his family and niece,—in the other an old darkey known by the rather singular name of 'Mammy Cæsar.' With the one these sketches have but little to do,—but, as with the other they will be found to have much, a few words more of description will not be considered out of place.

"This cabin was the counterpart of many others which were to be seen scattered over the plantation, except that in situation it was slightly more picturesque; and besides, it had the advantage of two glass windows in front, and a brick chimney through the centre, while the others had only openings for windows, flanked by wooden shutters on the sides, and stick and dirt chimneys at the ends. A gigantic oak grew immediately in its rear, so closely indeed as to give the small structure the appearance of resting securely against its sturdy trunk, while its wide-branching arms were thrown protectingly over the moss-covered roof before it. Another large oak shaded the path, which connected the cabin through the level patch of greensward with the lane,—on the opposite

side of which stretched out, as far as the eye could reach, a heavy belt of pine forest. Within a stone's throw of the door, and directly at the base of the hill, over a rocky ledge that jutted from its side, gushed a fine spring, the stream from which, as it made its way over a pebbly bed down the slope, could be heard but not seen through the thickly interlacing bushes on its banks.

"Just at the moment of inviting the reader's attention to this quiet spot, Mammy Cæsar was on the porch with a book in his hand, into which he now and then peered intently, through the iron-rimmed spectacles perched upon his broad, flat nose. His grizzled hair and wrinkled face said as plainly as any words could do, that he was far past sixty years of age; but his light and active movements, as he shifted his position from one side of the porch to the other, under no doubt the puzzling impatience generated by the abstruse character of his studies, indicated as unmistakably that he had still within him much of the vim and vitality of youth, and, it may be, a little of its ordinary quickness and irascibility of temper too.

"As he took his place for about the third time at the angle of the porch next the hall on the hill, and leaning against the post, gazed long and anxiously up and down, and down and up the pathway, that, passing by the spring, wandered with many wide curves between the two homes,—'linked sweetness long drawn out,'—for it was a veritable lazily-winding path of roses,—he muttered: 'Now I does wish Miss Elvie would come 'long—I does fur sho'. It's Sat'day ev'nin', an' de summon mus' be fixt up. I wonner if she done forgit ole Cæsar, an' his preachin' trubbles?'

"He heard a merry laugh away up the side of the hill; and suddenly out of a clump of evergreens and roses he saw his Miss Elvie coming. All the impatient twitchings at once disappeared from old Cæsar's features, and left nothing there but the expression of an affection as calm and beautiful as any that ever lighted up the face of a father for his child. In the meantime the little girl came on with her companion—a boy. She was not more than twelve years of age, and, inexpressibly light and airy in her movements, she fluttered along the pathway in her dress of pink muslin, like a butterfly or humming-bird after the flowers on either side. Her blue eyes flashed out the light of a sunny temperament, and her rosy lips gave forth its music, as she laughed and talked with the youth at her side, while her golden curls—her hat was in her hand—danced in time to every note, by the rapidly shifting motion of her willowy person. The boy was three or four years older, and more than a head taller than the little fairy beside him; dark of complexion, with brown hair and eyes. The expression of his face was serious and thoughtful; and his manliness and refinement were strikingly and attractively displayed in the watchful care, with which he assisted his lovely companion over rough obstructions, that now and then presented themselves in the steeper places down the slope of the hill.

"'We must stop awhile,' said she, checking the rippling laugh, with which she had greeted some previous remark of the boy,—'we must stop awhile, before going among the pines yonder, at Mammy Cæsar's cabin down there. I help him every Saturday evening in his Bible lesson. He is waiting for me now.'

" 'Why do you call him Mammy Cæsar?'

" 'Don't you know?' replied Elvie,—'but, of course, you don't. It has been a long—long time since you were last here to see Uncle Rodman; and besides, *your* mammy is no doubt a woman, and you consequently think *my* mammy ought to be a woman too. But mine, although a man, is just as kind and gentle, and just as loving, as if he was a woman. In truth, he is as good to me as your mammy is to you—better perhaps. He was raised up with papa; and he followed him to the war; and he nursed him through his long sickness caused by that awful wound at Gettysburg. It is said'—she dropped her voice to a whisper, as she fixed her eyes wide open and round upon those of the boy, expressive of a sort of grateful wonder,—'that he carried papa off the field on his shoulders, in the midst of the battle, when the shot and shell were hissing and bursting all around. Four years ago when papa died,' continued she, her eyes filling with tears, 'from the effects of the wound which never healed, he was resting in Mammy Cæsar's arms, and he told him never to desert his family. Mamma, you know, did not remain long behind papa. When she was dying she singled out Mammy Cæsar of all at her bedside, and asked him to hold up her head. He stooped and raised it on the pillow. Her very last words were,—'Cæsar, watch over my little girl.' And truly has he stood by the promise he made to both. Yes, he certainly has done his part toward taking care of me.' With a smile, as she thought of his devoted attendance for so many years, she continued more brightly,—'He has been my daily shadow ever since the summer of 1866:—'a black shadow,' you say, Master Frank!'—making a *moue* at

him, which was so rosy and sweet, that the boy who would have given the pony that he prized above all his earthly possessions, for the privilege of kissing it but once,—'true, a black shadow, but a constant and faithful one—dear, good, ugly, foolish and loving old Mammy Cæsar! Now, don't he deserve the name I have given him?'

"Leaving the boy at the spring, who slowly followed her, she ran to the old man, as he sprang from the porch to meet her, and took him gently by the hand, exclaiming: 'Here I am at last, Mammy Cæsar,—and I have brought Cousin Frank to see you too!'

"'Yes, here you is, an' I's more'n glad to see you. I's allus glad to see you; but when I's in trubble, I's more'n glad to see you. An' 'low me, Miss Elvie, jist to hint in 'dition, dat yo' Cousin Frank is welcum 'long wid you—mighty welcum.'

"'Well, what is the trouble now, Mammy Cæsar?' asked his little friend.

"'Tomorrer I 'spec' to preach on de parrybul uv de Good Samarrytin, an' I want you to tell me all 'bout him. You say las' week you bin studyin' de lesson uv de Good Samarrytin in yo' Sund'y school. You can gimme den all de pints uv de case, to de full—to de full,' repeated he emphatically.

"The little teacher took the Bible—old Cæsar had his finger at the place,—and, in a low, sweet voice, read the parable, and then lifting up her eyes to the old man's eager face, she explained to him all that it was intended to illustrate. It is to be doubted if any one could have so filled old Cæsar's soul with the loving spirit of the story, which fell from the lips of Him, who was the incarnation of love, as was done by

this little girl, in her simple and childish but earnest words.

"'Den if I unnerstan' you, an' I 'spec' I do, de sum uv de whole subjec' is jist dis: yo' nabur is not only de one, who live close to you, but de one who live fur off—in fac' ev'ry one dat you run up ag'inst; an' you do de part uv a good nabur, when you is a Samarrytin to a pusson, whedder you knows him or not, or, whedder you likes him or not.'

"'Yes, and you must be willing to help him, whether he can help you or not. Let me make it plainer. You help Uncle Rodman: he can help you back,—there is some good in that, but not so much. You help me too, though I am not able to do anything for you: there is a heap of good in that.'

"'You do nuffin' fur me, Miss Elvie!—you do nuffin' fur me!' exclaimed the old negro impulsively. 'Mars Rodman 'commodit me wid meat and close—dey is de cumfuts uv de body—you freshes me wid de cumfuts uv de soul'—and he laid his hand upon the rich, clustering curls of the shapely head, with an expression of fondness, almost of adoration indeed, which lit up his dusky face, as the sun in setting does a heavy cloud-bank in the western sky. 'You comes to me like de light 'fru dat crack dar,'—pointing to a stream of sunshine, which had made its way through an opening in the roof of the porch—'De light from yo' presence goes right 'fru an' 'fru dis ole body, an' keeps me bright day in an' day out, wid no trubble uv darkness whatsumever, tills you comes to see me agin. You's de very life uv dis ole nigger sho'.'

"'You's a-gwine, you tells me,' continued Mammy Cæsar, as, after a pause, the boy and girl started down

the path to his gate, hand in hand,—'You's a-gwine to walk to de river fru de pines. It's a nice walk 'long de big road to de night-fishin' hole. Don't stray off de road,—an' come back soon. I's not 'zackly 'fraid fur Miss Elvie to take dat walk, 'dough summut lonesum', wid you by her side, Mars. Frank! You's 'mos' a man now, an' I reckin you kin take care uv her. But I's sorter jubous 'bout it,—an' I *will* be 'fraid, I tells you boff, an' mighty 'fraid at dat, if you stays down dar long. A half-hour, Miss Elvie—free-quarters enny way—plenty long 'nuff—plenty long fur sich an ev'nin' walk. You mus' git back by dat time, or you'll fin' ole Cæsar a comin' to look for you.'

"The boy and the girl had passed through the little gate, crossed the lane, and had entered the shadows cast by the great pines, before the old negro had concluded his anxious and somewhat inconsistent admonitions. Whether old Cæsar was exactly afraid or not, the children had scarcely disappeared, before he had locked the door of his cabin, and, with his big stick under his arm, was slowly walking in the same direction under the pines."

"EP. SECOND.

"The next Saturday morning after the event just recorded, Mammy Cæsar, with Ephraim Jones, a colored brother, was on his way to Mount Zion Chapel to attend to a matter of business connected with the services which were to be held there the following day. The low, roughly-boarded church-building, with a shingled cupola or belfry that looked exactly like a beehive, stood in a little grove somewhat back from the main road, about a mile from Cæsar's cabin. The

two men—one the preacher and the other a deacon of Mount Zion Chapel—were much annoyed, perhaps slightly angered, to find, when they reached the place, that four of the younger members of their charge,—Peter Downs, Bill Trigg, Eben Short and Crip Lane,—were playing a game of marbles upon the hard, smooth and well shaded area immediately in front of the building. The two church officials said nothing however, as they moved towards the open door; but old Cæsar could not resist the temptation of walking briskly through the ring, and brushing the marbles to the right and left, with his huge feet as he passed, just as Peter Downs sent his marble, a very large and brightly painted one, rapidly rolling over the exact spot where Mammy Cæsar's brogans were committing such havoc. Unfortunately the owner of the brogans, in the innocent pastime of kicking the marbles about, was not paying much attention to the security of his footing; and happening, as he made what he intended for his final and most destructive gyration, to step full upon the one that was rolling as aforesaid, his heels flew up, and he measured his length, by no means deliberately, upon the hard ground. The severity of the fall not only disturbed the serenity of the old preacher's back and head, but that of his temper as well,—it has already been suggested that he was somewhat impatient and irascible,—for he arose with an ejaculation, which, while perhaps not altogether unnatural, under the circumstances, was wholly unnecessary and most decidedly unclerical. With the slightly coercive words he administered a heavily coercive cuff to the ears of the offending young man, which sent him spinning

around like a top, and only did *not* knock him down, because of his being caught and held up by his companions. In the midst of the little storm thus raised, old Cæsar and the deacon entered the church. When they came out after having transacted the business that brought them there, they learned from the talk of some of the by-standers—the indignant marble-players had disappeared—that it was the intention of the latter to bring the whole matter before the membership of Mount Zion Chapel in the meeting to be held on the following day. So Cæsar was suddenly put in possession of a piece of information, which, to say the best of it, was by no means pleasant to him as a preacher, and furnished him food for much anxious thought and investigation during the balance of the day and night.

"After he reached home, he consulted his Bible long and closely;—but it was a noteworthy circumstance that he did not consult his little Bible-teacher, with regard to certain passages of Scripture, which he carefully marked by turning down the leaves, and which, it should be said here, he had determined to use in his defence, and as he fondly hoped, to the confusion of his enemies. Perhaps he thought that he understood these passages well enough without explanation; or, perhaps he thought, an explanation might interfere with his using them at all,—that it was better for him to use them wrongfully not knowing it, than not to use them were it shown him they had no bearing upon his case. He did not say, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" but it is possible he thought something like it. At any rate, as before said, whether misled in such manner or not, he failed to seek informa-

tion from his Miss Elvie, as was his custom when intending to make public use of his Bible-studies.

"Eleven of the clock next morning found Mammy Cæsar at his post in the pulpit of Mount Zion Chapel. It was observed that his face was well shaven even to slickness; that his somewhat threadbare black suit was scrupulously clean; that his standing collar was high and bright; and that his white cravat was broad and stiff,—in fact, that there was a neatness—a starchiness so to speak—about the make-up of the man, and an assumption of austere dignity, which went far beyond—and that is saying a great deal—anything ever witnessed of him before in his pulpit. He evidently felt that a good, not to say a formidable impression at the beginning was half the battle in the coming case. The house was filled to overflowing. All the members for miles around,—and most of the negroes above babyhood in the vicinity were members,—had turned out to witness and participate in the strange event of a preacher being tried by his congregation for swearing.

"'My dear congregashun,'—said Mammy Cæsar, after the opening hymn had been sung,—'de summon fur to-day is pos'poned. Dar is anuther an' a sort uv misagreeable bizness on han'. Yo' preacher have bin tole dat some uv de boy-members uv dis church has 'nounced dat dey is gwine to persent him befo' you at dis hour fur de 'fence uv swarrin'.' A pause. 'What's you got to say to dat, Bru'r Peter Downs?'—suddenly asked old Cæsar, turning and looking severely at that young man, who was seated with the other marble-players on one of the forward benches.—'What's you got to say to dat?—for to use some languidge dat I once heard frum Mars. Rodman Breck, you's de head an' frunt uv dis 'fendin'. I pause fur yo' reply.'

"The young negro at this curt summons arose evidently fully prepared for the struggle, and preferred his charge. He did it without any bravado—indeed he did it rather quietly and modestly. The words used by the preacher, as stated by the boy, if they did not amount exactly to swearing, were closely akin to it. They were at any rate very ugly; and that fact, joined to the manner of the complainant in giving his testimony, made upon many of the congregation, especially the younger members, an impression not altogether favorable to Mammy Cæsar. This impression deepened as the same story was told by the other boys,—with the addition of the heavy slap,—all of which was confirmed by the statement of one of the leaders of the church, deacon Ephraim Jones, who was Mammy Cæsar's companion on the occasion. It should be added that, in reply to questions of old Cæsar, there appeared to be some doubt on the part of the deacon, as to the words,—'I swear.' The deacon seemed to think the expression was—'I swow.'—It was admitted by all that the Lord's name was not used; and that the offensive words were directed at Peter Downs alone.

"Mammy Cæsar saw that he would have to make a big effort, not especially to free himself from any immediate trouble because of the charge, for he had no fear as to that, but to prevent subsequent ill effects. All doubts, if he had ever entertained any, with regard to using his selected passages from the Scriptures, vanished 'like the snow-flake in the river.' He rose slowly from his seat, and drawing himself up to his full height of over six feet, and swelling out his ample chest to its greatest dimensions, he cast his eyes with gravity, even sternness, all over his congregation,—in fact he

looked, as he uttered his first words, like a king addressing his subjects. Peter Downs and his marble-playing *confreres* were observed to cower beneath the severity of his countenance when in the course of his remarks it was turned fully on them.

"'I have jist a word or two to say fur de puppos' uv wipin' out dis charge. In de fo'mos' place, when I got up frum dat groun', which my head struck fus' wid a bang dat flew de fire out'n boff my eyes, I was dat flabber*de*gasted,—it's a long word, but you all unnerstan' its meanin,'—I was dat flabberdegasted, dat I dunno' what I said. Howsumever you bin tole de words 'tributed to me by dese boys an' deacon Jones. When you takes dem words an' turn 'em all roun', you won't fin' de Lord's name in 'em once—no nary time; an' den dars no one sho' dat I use de words—'I swar.' In fac', deacon Jones radder declines to de noshun uv dem words bein'—'I swow'. Now, my fren's, every one uv you knows beyon' de slimmest shadder of a doubt, dat 'swowin' widout de Lord's name, aint 'swarrin'. So I says to you, an' I says to Peter Downs, an' I's sho' you'll 'gree wid me, dat it would bin bettermos' fur him to do like his name-sake, de great desciple who, when he was sinnin', let the cock do de crowin', dan fur him to do de sinnin' an de crowin' boff.' Here a deep hum of approbation satisfied the preacher that he had made a strong point. 'What I means to 'lustrate is dis: in de place uv fotchin' up dis charge agin yo' preacher fur words dat could hardly be helped under de circumstances pernounced befo' you by dese witnesses, Peter Downs, should have 'pologized to you fur dirtyin' de back uv yo' preacher an' dirtyin' yo' church-groun's, by de crime uv marvel-playin'. What

mo', my fren's, is necessary to be said towards de full 'lucidashun an' reposement uv dis case?' Old Cæsar was so proud of the sonorous swell of the words with which he had rounded up his statement, that he repeated them with additional animation and emphasis,—'What mo' is necessary to be said to de full 'lucidashun an' reposement uv dis case.' There was a flutter throughout the congregation, as old Cæsar, with the words, 'I's done—got no mo' to say on de subjec',' took his seat with calm dignity. It was evident in a moment that the trial would end in the triumphant acquittal of the preacher, and the utter discomfiture of Peter Downs and his associates.

"Deacon Ephraim Jones at once took the floor, and moved substantially that the pastor of Mount Zion Chapel be exonerated from all blame in the matter under consideration, and that the members of the church had full confidence in him both as man and preacher. The deacon himself put the motion, and it was carried overwhelmingly.

"For several minutes after the motion had been acted on there was profound quiet in the church. The congregation sat with eyes reverently and expectantly, fastened on the preacher, who rigidly erect in his chair, returned the look with what Malvolio has termed 'an austere regard of control.' At length he slowly arose and said:

"'As all de congregashun rose to dar feet in 'sponse to de 'firmative uv de motion, 'cep' de young bru'rs, who made de charge, de verdic' by which yo' preacher has bin 'zonerated may be 'sidered synonymous—widout one single an' solitary vote agin it. But, my fr'en's, de bizness uv de day is not fully fru yit. I's got a

'ditement to bring befo' dis meetin'. I's gwine to see now what's to be done wid dese boys who's tried to sep'rate de shepperd frum his flock, an de flock frum its shepperd. No proof am required to show dat dese boys was playin' marvels, an' playin' em on de church groun'. Dat's bin fully amplified befo' you.' Turning to the deacon, he continued: 'Bru'r Jones!—I tole you, an' Bru'r Dick Smith, an Sis'r Kiziah Wilkins to bring yo' Bibles here dis mornin'. You may be sorter slow in readin', but yon can spell your way fru de tex. I ax you all to turn to de fifth chapter an de eighth verse uv de book of Ecclesiastes, an' I bequests Sis'r Keziah, as she can read de mos' clearest, to let us know what's put down dar.' Sister Keziah read: 'If thou seest the oppression of the poor and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not——' 'Pause right dar, Sis'r Keziah,' ejaculated Mammy Cæsar—' Pause right dar!—Marvel not!—dem's de words!—Murder not!—it means do no murder. Marvel not!—it means play no marvels. 'In a province, where de poor is oppressed, an' judgment an' justice, perverted, as it's bin done at de South, ever since de war, play no marvels! I 'spec' dat game is speshally pernounced ag'inst, 'cause de folks in dem days jist knowed dat game by itse'f, an' no mo'. Dey didn't unnerstan seven-up, chuck-a-luck, crack-loo, base-ball, an' sich like games, as has de mainest hole on dis ginerashun. I could pint, my fr'en's, to more'n one tex in de Bible, dat tells yo in de same way to marvel not, but de one jist read by Sis'r Keziah is 'nuff—it lays over de whole groun' like a quilt over de bed.'

"As soon as Mammy Cæsar sat down, Deacon Jones was on his feet again. 'I moves,' exclaimed he, 'dat de

errin' bru'rs—Peter Downs, Billy Trigg, Eben Short and Crip Lane—be 'spelled frum dis church.' Old Cæsar, however, whose face had suddenly taken on rather an anxious expression, beckoned to the deacon, who went at once to the pulpit. The former whispered a few words.—The latter thereupon returned to his seat, and modified his motion, so as to provide for the expulsion of the boys, if the preacher, under all the circumstances, thought it to the interest of the church. The truth is, Mammy Cæsar, for the last few minutes, had been turning over in his mind what his little-Bible teacher had said to him, some days before, about the Good Samaritan, and the whole current of his thoughts and feelings had changed,—all wrath had melted away like night-mists before the risen sun;—and besides, as he looked over the congregation he saw that it was in sympathy with him,—so that his wounded self-love did not require for its cure such a violent remedy, as the absolute expulsion of the offending members. He had for these reasons suggested to the deacon the modification of his motion. He put it to the meeting, and it was adopted with a unanimity similar to that which had marked the first. 'It is lef' to me,' he said, in conclusion, 'to 'termine what shall be done wid de culprics in dis case. My 'cision is, dat dey may remain in de church on probashun' an' when dey's shown de fruits an' de meats uv repentance, dey can be took back in full fellership agin;—an' I will say to dem now, dat de very fus' step fur dem to take in de right d'recshun, will be to pay Bru'r Ephraim Jones de twenty-five cents each uv 'em owe de church for las' month, an' de twenty-five cents fur month befo' las', an' which oughter bin paid when due, but wasn't. An' may the

Lord have mussy on dar souls! De congregashun will now rise to dar feet, an' be dismissed.'

"EP. THIRD.

"A little more than five years have passed since attention was first directed to Mammy Cæsar, as he stood in the little rustic porch of his cabin at the foot of the hill. It is now called to him again, and for the last time, as he stands, one bright summer's evening of the year, 1875, in the same place. The hall and cabin, and the grounds around them, present the same old aspect of comfort and cheerfulness. The five years, however, have wrought a great change in old Cæsar. Standing before the door of the cabin, his bent form, snow-white hair, and deeply wrinkled face, show that the years, though few, have made a very old man of him indeed; and, as he moves across the floor, his stooping person supported by a long cane, and his tottering footsteps, indicate not only age but decrepitude. He has just walked to the end of the porch next to the hall on the hill, and, with his open hand shading his dim eyes, is gazing along the pathway winding between the bushes with the same eager expectancy, which was to be observed in his case, when first introduced to the reader on exactly the same spot. The anxious look is followed by a smile that lights up most pleasantly his withered features, as he notes two persons slowly descending the slope, who, indeed, it should be said, are the same two that met his gaze on the former occasion. Not as little boy and girl do they come now, of course, but as young man and young woman;—the one tall, and though slender, yet displaying by his erect figure and active step, full chest and well poised

head, no little physical vigor, while the broadly rounded chin, closed lips and massive jaw, joined with the grave and steady light of two wide-open brown eyes beneath a slightly jutting brow, indicate no less distinctly considerable mental and moral power;—the other, small, light and airy, as she glides along the pathway, with her faultless face brightened by the action of a pure mind and heart, suggests, in her person and movement, some one of the sweet and well rounded little poems of a master-artist—every line a grace and every thought an inspiration. They meet old Cæsar with as much cordiality—on the part of the young lady with as much affection indeed—as marked the meeting previously recorded, but with a touch of seriousness, even sadness, of which at the former one there was no trace. Mammy Cæsar spoke first.

"'So you's come back agin, Miss Elvie, to de ole home. It's bin mighty lonesum' fur de free years you stay away at de collidge. An' Mars. Frank, 'dough he now live down in Mobile, hear uv yo' return an' gits here mos' as quick as you does. Dars a heap in dat; an' ole Cæsar unnerstan' it all. But,' turning to the young man with a significant look, and speaking with an earnestness that amounted to an entreaty,—'you mus' not take her 'way frum here, no matter what happens. If you does ole Cæsar have to go too,—yes, ole Cæsar have to go too, Mars. Frank—don't forgit dat! Whar she is dar mus' he be also, while life las'.'

"'I done miss you all dese years, Miss Elvie—more'n I can tell,—miss you in a heap uv ways; princip'ly I's needed yo' light to shine on de Bible fur me. Yo' Aunt up dar—she 'splain knotty p'ints fur e when I go to her, an' what she say allus done me good;

but she couldn't do fur me like you. I dun'no', continued he musingly, and pulling at one of his ears,—'I dun'no, but it seem like dar was light wantin' somewhar.'

"'But, ah, Mammy Cæsar!'—replied the young lady smiling up at him archly, 'it seems that you did not always care for the light of which you speak even when it was in reach of you. You remember that when you had the trouble in your church with the marble-players you did not seek my help. In fact', continued she shaking her head at him, 'I believe you dodged me, for I came to see you as usual the Saturday evening before the trial, and you were not to be found. One of the little negro girls told me she thought you were in your cabin with the door locked.'

"'Well,' said old Cæsar with a faint smile, 'dat whole thing was sorter funny, an' I didn't think I was sich a fool. But', after a pause in which his face saddened, 'it was mighty sinful in me to 'low ignorance to put sich a 'terpretation upon de bressed words uv Scriptur' when knollidge was so close by, an' could bin had fur de askin'. De bes' part uv de matter,—an' while dat is no perfec' consolashun, it make me sorter easier in my min,'—was dat no speshal harm come frum my foolishness. But dat was de Lord's doin's—dat was de Lord's doin's. I bress an' praise Him for His goodness. An' I's prayed Him time an' agin to forgive me fur my sin uv persum'shun, an' I's sho' He's done it.'

"'But, Miss Elvie, I's got something more 'portant to say dan what 'cerns dis ole darkey d'reckly. You an' Mars. Frank here, I's bin tole, is gwine to git married.'- He spoke these words slowly, tremblingly and impressively.—'Dat's a mighty sollum step.

Lemme talk wid you boff a little 'bout it. Miss Elvie, you's my chile!—You was made my chile by yo' paren's a-tellin' me in dar las' words to take care uv you. An' I done it while you was at home here to de bes' uv my 'bility. You never lef' dese groun's by yo'se'f durin' all dem young years uv yo's, dat ole Cæsar was not allus in sight of you. Now I hasn't long to stay here,—no, de ole nigger's co'se is almos' run,—an' I wants to be able to tell yo' pa an' yo' ma, when I meets 'em up yonder, dat I's done my whole duty by de little one dey 'trusted to me. You know, Miss Elvie, an' you too, Mars. Frank, what de Scriptur say 'bout marryin'. When it's a right marri'dge, it make uv de man an' de woman one pusson. It say,'—here he took from his pocket his old, well-rubbed, leather-bound Bible, and putting on his spectacles, turned to the chapter from which he wished to read.—'It say: 'And they twain shall be one flesh; so then they are no more twain but one flesh.'—Now I's never marri'd, 'cause I's never yit seed de woman wid whom I could be one flesh. It was jist unpossible fur me to fin' her. My darlin' chile!'—continued he after another pause, and laying one trembling hand upon the young woman's head, and the other on Frank's shoulder,—'does you—does boff uv you—know an' feel dat you can become one—dat you can give up bein' two pussons, as fur as each uv you is 'cerned, an' one towards de udder, an' be de same in all de 'senshalities uv life?' He looked for a moment into the faces of the two young people, whose eyes, fixed upon each other, expressed a depth of love and tenderness as strong as existence itself, and said slowly: 'I's satisfied.—I sees when you is j'ined in wedlock, you will be

no mo' twain; but dat de beauty an' de sweetness uv de one, an' de strength an' de honor uv de udder, will be combined—' malgamated—into de single an' perfec' marri'dge uv de Bible. I bress de Lord dat my work here is now done; an' I's ready—yes I's more'n willin'—to go when de summons comes! Amen!'

"He had preached the last sermon and prayed the last prayer, of any especial interest, to the reader of these imperfect sketches. With the closing words, tremulously and most feelingly uttered, there fell upon the little party a peace that was more than restful—it was holy—for it came from Heaven! The two young people soon after thoughtfully retraced their steps along the hillside path to the hall; and as they disappeared among the clustering branches and flowers, the old negro feebly hobbled into his cabin, and gently, noiselessly shut the door."

PART IV.—NIGHTS IN CAMP.

JUDGE CROFTON DISCOURSES ABOUT JOHNSON J. HOOPER, JOSEPH G. BALDWIN, JEREMIAH CLEMENS, ALEXANDER B. MEEK, ETC.

"Ah, sir!" turning to Lovel, "Monkbarns wad wile the bird aff the tree wi' the tales he tells about the folk lang syne."
—The Antiquary.

The excursion was drawing to a close. The last night in camp had perhaps been reached. No particular programme having been arranged for the occasion, several of the party headed by Ernley, crowded around Judge Crofton, who was seated after supper, reading Meek's poems, by a blazing pine torch near the centre of the eating-tent, and insisted upon his giving them some of his personal recollections of leading literary men of Alabama, with whom he had been thrown in intimate association. The Judge was, as usual, in a complying mood.

"There are not many Alabama books," said Judge Crofton, as he lit his pipe, and settled himself back comfortably in his chair,—"indeed, when considered, in connection with the flood of books, with which this country has been overwhelmed during the last dozen or so years, there are not many Southern books. But few people at the South,—hardly one in Alabama,—have, for that time, or any other time, made literature, or rather the writing of books, a business. And they have not done so, because the people of the South have

heretofore cared more for eminence in statesmanship than for eminence in general literature—more for speech-making, than for book-making;—and besides, they have lacked large cities holding extensive establishments for the publication of books and periodicals—great centres, in a word, of literary encouragement and criticism. The few Alabama authors, whom I have known, wrote merely for pastime—wrote, in fact, when they had nothing else to do. As they, however, by their occasional and unpremeditated ventures into the domain of letters, achieved a reputation that the South should not willingly let die,—I am glad, my friends, to take advantage of this opportunity to talk of them to you. I shall only notice the few—all of whom are now dead—that were associated with me, at some time or other, on terms as nearly approaching intimacy as could well exist between a young man, such as I was then, and men of mature age. I will begin what I have to say about these writers, with

"JOHNSON J. HOOPER.

"There is scarcely a name in the annals of the state, that is mentioned so frequently and so kindly—at least among the gray-beards of to-day at the South—as that of Johnson J. Hooper, or 'Jonse Hooper,' as he was familiarly called by his friends, that is, by everybody who knew him. I do not suppose he had an enemy in the world. I first met Hooper in Montgomery in 1857;—I had met 'Simon Suggs' before, or rather his portrait, and liking it, was prepared to like the man who had painted it. Hooper was then the editor of the Montgomery Mail; and he appeared to me, at the time, as being singularly unfitted for the sort of warfare into

which such a position necessarily plunged its occupant—he was so frail in body, and so mild and gentle in manner, and so quiet and kind in face. But I soon found out that in a rough and tumble political fight, he always 'held his own,'—could give and take hard knocks, although he never violated the proprieties of his responsible post. While as a financier he was loose and careless of management, as an editor he was prudent and cautious and far-seeing. I remember an incident, which was somewhat illustrative of the last named traits.

"A night or two after Fort Sumter was fired on by order of the Confederate Government, there was a large gathering of the people in front of the Montgomery Exchange, and several speeches were made. Among the speeches was one by General L. P. Walker—a man than whom there was none better nor purer in the state—containing some big sounding words about the war not being allowed to close until the Confederate flag should wave in triumph over Faneuil Hall. Walker intended the words for clap-trap—only a something to warm up the Southern heart. He never dreamed that they would go all over the United States, and be used to fire the Northern heart. Hooper, however, knew that such would be the effect of the words, coming as they did, from the mouth of the Confederate Secretary of War. He was standing at the time immediately in front of and facing me, and I never saw a wilder and more startled expression upon the features of mortal man than was painted upon his face, as the words rang out clear and shrill upon the evening air. I could read the expression without the aid of any explanation from his lips, which I may say, however, I subsequently got

from him in full. But even he never supposed, nor could any man in that vast crowd have supposed, that after the war was over, and peace had again smiled upon the country, an orator at a great national celebration would make the words the ground-work of an argument to show that the South in the war was seeking not its liberties alone, but along with them the conquest of the North!

"I shall not discuss 'Simon Suggs' at present. I have never seen the book since I first read it in the days of my boyhood, and am consequently unable to speak of it as it deserves. I can say, however, that I then thought it a treasury of that rich and rare humor peculiar to the great Southwest in the 'brave days of old,'—a book, in short, abounding in pithy sayings and striking situations, which charmed as much by their naturalness, as by the fun and frolic with which they were attended,—and that my face wore a broad smile during its perusal from the opening to the closing chapter. I wish some adventurous publisher would issue another edition of the book. It is worth a 'baker's dozen' of most of the so-called works of humor that are annually thrown from the American press.

"Hooper was elected to the Secretaryship of the Confederate Provisional Congress in 1861, and accompanied the body to Richmond, when that city became the seat of the Confederate Government. He died there in 1862, having gradually failed in health from the time of his removal. When he died there was not one of his old associates at the Confederate Capital, nor in this state, who did not feel that a great source of his pleasure in this life had been suddenly and for-

ever withdrawn. This is high tribute, but I am sure, without the approving nod of my old friend, Maltman over there, that it is fully and richly deserved."

"The name of Johnson J. Hooper," said Judge Crofton after a pause, "suggests that of a kindred spirit, who, about the same time, by a single book, secured a prominent place in the literary history of the state. Like Hooper he was a humorist—his humor, however, was more delicate and subtle than that of the author of 'Simon Suggs,' and his general character was firmer and more robust. I allude to

"JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.

"To speak of Baldwin," continued Judge Crofton, "I shall have to violate the rule, laid down at the outset, as governing my selection of subjects for remark:—I did not know him. He had come into the state from Virginia while I was a child, and left it for the Pacific coast when I was off at school. But although I did not know him, I do know his book—'Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi'—well and intimately, and am glad that I know it.

"The modest little volume is made up of about two dozen sketches with regard to life, manners and character during the half-crazy financial era in the history of the two states, when shin-plasters were the only currency of the people. Most of these sketches are marked by rich traces of the broadest humor, abundantly intermixed with large grains of homely wisdom; and much sound philosophy and many practical suggestions as to the uses and abuses of human life, form the body of the more serious and highly finished papers. Some parts of the book, too, give evidence of

a profound knowledge of the complicated and intricate workings of the human heart, and a grace and power of portraying human character, even down to all its minutest traits, that is very striking. This is especially noticeable in his remarks upon 'Hon. Francis Strother,' and those upon 'Sargent S. Prentiss,' especially the former. The Strother sketch, indeed, in the respect suggested, is emphatically excellent. I knew the subject of it well—Hon. Francis S. Lyon—served with him in the legislature, and in the last constitutional convention of the state—and I have no hesitation in saying, that so delicate and exact is Baldwin's touch in the work of presenting the inner man of this distinguished Alabamian, I should have known at once who sat for the picture, even had no part of his name been given, and had the graphic description of his person been omitted.

"There are a few old lawyers still left in West Alabama, who practiced at the bar with Joseph G. Baldwin and who enjoyed with him intimate social relations. To hear them talk of the man is a treat—a repast 'fit for the gods.' Notably among these is Col. M. L. Stansel, of Pickens.

"I cannot mention the name of this gentleman here, whom I have known well since 1857, and with whom I have served so frequently in public assemblages, without stopping to say a word or two about him. Col. Stansel lives at Carrollton, in Pickens county, and has lived there or in the vicinity for about a half century—having been only eight years of age when his father removed to the county from Georgia. He is not what is called a brilliant man, he is something better—a sound man. His mind is clear, logical and vigorous,

and his heart is alive to every generous and unselfish impulse. Pickens county knows the value of the man and his services, and has shown her appreciation of both by thrusting upon him office after office, frequently in the face of his earnest protest. And there is no weakening in the favor of that county for Col. Stansel —no abatement in the vigor and number of her calls upon him for service—because of his age. Understanding that experience as well as worth is desired in a public servant, and that old age, unaccompanied by mental or physical decay—which is the case with Col. Stansel—is rather an advantage than otherwise in such servants, that county has him in office now, and will no doubt keep him in office, as long as he will permit it.

"But I have said it is extremely pleasant to hear Col. Stansel and the few remaining friends of 'Joe Baldwin' in West Alabama talk of him and his acts while a resident of Sumter county—of the spicy and brilliant manner in which he managed his cases in court—of his innocent and genial humor—of his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, the point of much of which was directed at himself—of his modesty and generosity—of his love of truth and fair dealing. I have never heard one of these old gentlemen speak of Baldwin, that I have not felt that his removal from Alabama was a calamity to the state. The life of such a man was a sort of blessing to every one with whom he came in contact. Note how Thomas J. Wetmore, of Dallas, who was for some time his law partner, puts it. Speaking of Baldwin, he said: 'Oh, for an hour's talk with some man like him, wearing his humanity as he used to wear it, with his hat about to turn a back summersault from his head, with his forehead growing

broader, and his eyes sparkling brighter, as he advanced in anecdote, till he was shut out from vision by the tears his mirth created, and we were compelled to feel that there was at least one great and good man in the world who could be funny.'

"Baldwin's rise to eminence at the bar of San Francisco was rapid and brilliant. He was elected to the Supreme bench of California by a vote of the whole people of the state, before he had been there many years; and in that high office he won the respect and esteem of all who were acquainted with the manner in which he discharged its responsible duties. He, however, preferred practicing at the bar to sitting on the bench, and, consequently, after a year or two, gave up the position to which he had been elevated. He died soon after the close of the late war between the states, in the prime of life and the full meridian of his usefulness—being at the time only about fifty-five years of age. He was well known throughout California, and the people of the state almost as a unit mourned his loss to the country and humanity."

"Beautiful Huntsville," continued Judge Crofton after relighting his pipe, "with its beautiful surroundings, has given to the world several literary celebrities —at least they were celebrities for awhile; and the productions, that made them so, foreshadowed a brilliant and lasting fame to each. The most noted among these were Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, and

"MISS JULIA PLEASANTS AND T. BIBB BRADLEY."

"I shall, in speaking of Miss Pleasants, along with Bradley, violate my rule again. While I knew Bradley well, I did not know Miss Pleasants except by sight.

I returned to Huntsville, after a five years' absence, about the time she married Mr. Creswell, of Louisiana, and removed to that state. She was tall and slender, with a placid, classic face, and quiet, unassuming manners. She and Bradley were cousins, and they together, in the fifties, published a volume of verse under the title of 'Apheila and other poems.' The book contained some pieces of considerable merit. 'The Evil Days,' written by Miss Pleasants, was one of these. Four lines of another poem by her have remained with me ever since my first reading of the volume—a sort of haunting memory, as the opening stanza of 'Cumnor Hall' was said to have been for Sir Walter Scott:

'The fairy minstrel flowers
Render through the leafy gloom,
Low responses to the birds
In a chorus of perfume.'

'Apheila,' the leading poem of the volume, written by Bradley, is a strong production—full of grim thoughts and gloomy images, that are calculated to affect one like a nightmare. It was unfortunate for its popularity, that, resembling 'The Raven' in the line of thought, it should have been written in the same measure. Comparison between it and that remarkable production was the inevitable result—a disastrous comparison for 'Apheila.' Justice has consequently never been done to Bradley's poem either by critics or the general reader. Mrs. Creswell, from her adopted home amid magnolias and surrounded by semi-tropical singing birds, has now and then given to the world snatches of song as bright and fragrant as the blooms of the one, and as sweet and airy as the notes of the other. It is to be regretted that the strains from her

strictly Southern lyre are so seldom heard and are of such brief continuance. Bradley was a child of genius, with many promising probabilities—all of which were nipped in the bud. He died young—a man of disappointments. He unfortunately had expensive habits, which, linked with that most unmeet of all yoke-fellows for such habits, poverty, deadened aspiration and paralyzed effort."

"I have hurried through with what I had to say about Mrs. Creswell and Bradley, in order to devote more time to the other member of the Huntsville literary triad mentioned above—

"HON. JEREMIAH CLEMENS.

"Jere. Clemens, as he was accustomed to write his own name, was one of the most remarkable men that the South ever produced. He was lawyer, soldier, politician, and author. He never became great as a lawyer, for he allowed soldiering and politics to interfere too much with the exacting demands of the legal profession. As a soldier he never had an opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself, but all his acts, during his military career, gave abundant evidence of high military capacity. He was never successful as a politician, although he, at one time, was elected to the United States Senate—because he leaned strongly toward Federalism—and yet, strange to say, he had no love for the "head and front" of Federalism in this country, Alexander Hamilton. His speeches, however, while he was in the United States Senate, were models of oratorical skill of the persuasive order. Smooth and gentle in their limpid flow, and as ornate and fin-

ished as some of the celebrated essays of the Edinburgh Review.

"Before taking him up as a writer I desire to make some slight and hurried references to him as a man. I cannot introduce what I desire to say on this subject better than by the statement, that, Colonel Clemens never truly sympathized with the South in her desperate struggles against the aggressions of the North upon her interests—aggressions which President Pierce, himself a New England man, in his celebrated Kansas-Nebraska message, and they were just as heavy and continuous after that stormy executive term as before,—pronounced to be such, that, if they had occurred between foreign powers, would have been just cause for war. During the Federal occupancy of Huntsville, he gave full expression to the intensity of his unionistic sentiments by deserting the South, and publishing a pamphlet within the enemy's lines, reflecting severely upon her people. But I will not dwell upon this dark spot in his history. He is dead; and the South is not disposed to listen to harsh condemnation of that failing with the many other mistakes of this wayward child of genius; on the contrary, it is willing to leave them all to that Supreme Judgment, which, based upon those springs of action unknown to man, is unerring in its wisdom and justice.

"Colonal Clemens was an even tempered and genial man; and although fully conscious of his wonderful powers, was perfectly simple and unpretending in his manners. He was indeed one of the most approachable of all the brilliant men I ever met. And his friends—generally from the great mass of the people—were devoted to him; this was conspicuously

true of the young among them. He was so free and easy with them, entered so heartily into their sports and pleasures, was so ready always to do them a kindness, even in those little matters so irksome and worrying generally to men of his standing, that when he was on the street, he was frequently the centre of a crowd of youthful supporters; followers, admirers and imitators. I will give an instance illustrative of what I have just said, and by the way, it will include one of Clemens' nearest approaches to humor.

"A number of the boys of Huntsville decided once to have a sort of 'speaking-bee.' Each one was to select his own subject, and discuss it to the best of his ability. A church was to be secured for the exercises, and it was supposed that the people generally would turn out to enjoy the eloquence with which they were sure to be regaled. One of the boys—I will call him Joe—wishing to create a sensation by his speech, and distrusting his ability to fix up one that would have such effect, got a smart young man of his acquaintance to prepare the speech for him. Joe liked the speech very much when it was read to him by his smart friend, but concluded that it would be prudent to submit it to Colonel Clemens for revision and correction. He did so. Colonel Clemens seated himself in the shade of an awning on the street, and, pencil in hand to make the necessary corrections, carefully read the speech from beginning to end. When he had finished, he gravely folded up the paper, and handed it back with the quiet remark, 'Joe, I can't correct that speech. When I wrote it, I did my level best.'

"Colonel Clemens had a wonderful memory. It was this memory that not only prompted, but caused him,

to write out almost all the speeches he ever made. I have heard it often said, in fact I believe I have heard him say so himself, that he could write a speech and never look over it after it was written, and yet he could make the speech on a subsequent day exactly as it was prepared, without the change of a single word.

"Clemens, like Richardson of Sir Charles-Gradison-fame, was an old man before he began to write books. Within a few years he wrote three volumes—the intervals indeed between their publications were brief—and then he stopped. Although he lived several years after issuing the last of the three, he never wrote another, at least none other was ever given to the press. These novels, 'Bernard Lile,' 'Mustang Gray' and 'The Rivals,' were not of an elevating tendency. The heroes of the two first were desperate and bloody minded men, but not, I think—for it has been nearly a half-century since I read them—without some heroic traits of character. The last—in its main incidents being a history of the rivalry between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton—was an attempt to make a sort of angel of the former and a demon of the latter. Colonel Clemens, in his leanings towards Burr, was perhaps as far from the line of exact fairness, on the one side, as some writers, in their leanings towards Hamilton, were on the other. Impartial history is now pretty well agreed that Burr was about as much sinned against as sinning, that both he and Hamilton were men of rare ability and great ambition, and that, while neither was bad, as opposing narratives have sought to make them appear, Burr was perhaps the better man of the two. In him the heart dominated

the intellect—in Hamilton the intellect dominated the heart.

"No evidence of humor and but little of a dramatic faculty is to be discovered in these novels. Their chief charm is the style, which is as luminous as a sunbeam, and as gentle and graceful in its flow as a meadow stream, and as musical as the song of its waters among the pebbles."

"But of all Alabama writers whom I have ever known, the one that suited me best, was the author of this book," slowly and emphatically remarked Judge Crofton, showing the volume of Meek's poems, which he was reading when the party called on him for a talk, and which he had continued to hold in his hand. It was in 1859 that I first met

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

At that time he was a member of the Legislature from Mobile, and I, from one of the northern counties of the state. He was elected Speaker of the House at this session; and a better, at least a kinder and more considerate presiding officer no body of men ever had, nor one more anxious to do justice by all, while extending to the younger members every parliamentary indulgence in his power. I got to know him well, and loved him, for he was a very lovable man, and besides, I received many legislative favors and much legislative encouragement from him before the close of this, and a subsequent session called by Gov. A. B. Moore just before the state seceded from the Union.

"In all my association with Judge Meek, I never saw him evince the least worry and annoyance even when

surrounded by impatient wranglers, and when the most perplexing and complicated questions were being presented to him for settlement. He was a good, but not a remarkable talker—in fact he was not fond of talking. What he said was always well said and to the point; but the chief charm of his conversation lay in the smile that so frequently lighted up his face, and the kindly feeling which suggested and directed his words. It would be hard for me to believe that his face ever wore a harsh expression or that a harsh sentence ever fell from his lips.

"My last service with Judge Meek in a public way was on the committee which was sent from Montgomery in 1861 to meet the President of the Confederate States at West Point, and welcome him to Alabama soil. I pause here to say a few words about that committee. Along with Meek and myself were the brilliant Bullock, who was the chairman, the broad-minded Morgan and Watts, the chivalrous Clanton, the enterprising Charles T. Pollard, the genial J. C. B. Mitchell, and others whose names I can not now recall. Bullock met the President with a speech which was a masterpiece; of course, Mr. Davis' reply was just what it ought to have been. Meek made a speech at Opelika, where the train, in returning, was stopped by an enthusiastic crowd. That was the last speech I ever heard from him. My business soon took me West, and we never met again. He died soon after the war at Columbus, Miss., to which place he had removed but a short time before.

"The most ambitious poetic effort of Meek was 'Red Eagle,' a romantic rhyming story in three cantos, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott, and not unworthy of a place by the side of the 'Bridal of Triermain' and his

other shorter narrative poems. The interest of this poem centres in Weatherford, or 'Red Eagle,' an Indian remarkable for his physical graces, courage and eloquence. He was the chief leader of the Muscogees or Creeks in the war of 1813, which opened with the bloody massacre at and around Fort Mims, near Mobile, and closed with the overthrow of the Creek nation at the battle of the Horseshoe. In this work Meek started out with the octo-syllabic measure, so well adapted to the recital of heroic adventure, but unfortunately dropped it, now and then, for a measure slower and heavier. In spite of this defect, it may, however, be said that 'Red Eagle' is, beyond all question, the finest production of the kind which the Gulf States have yet given to the world, and will, when the South shall turn her attention to the literature in which her peculiar history and characteristics are set forth, not only be highly regarded, but lastingly as well as affectionately cherished. The descriptive passages are especially fine. The butchery at the fort is so managed that much which is repulsive is passed over, while full justice is done to all that is calculated to excite indignation and horror. The picture of Alabama woods in mid-summer is so life-like and graphic as to cause, I am sure, in the reading, the denizens of the cities at that season to long for a day to rest in their cool and shady recesses, or to stray along their sylvan avenues, or to lose themselves in the intricacies of their tangled and vine-embowered thickets. Well says Meek:

> 'No lovelier land the Prophet viewed,
> When on the sacred mount he stood,
> And saw below, transcendant shine,
> The streams and groves of Palestine.'

"The song of the heroine, who had enough of white and Indian blood in her veins to bring about that happy union of the dark and bright in the female face which Byron so loved to paint—a true child of the forest and the south—is probably the best thing in the poem, and is certainly one of the most delightful lyrics that this country has yet produced. I will quote it:

'The blue bird is whistling in Hillibee grove,—
Terra-re! Terra-re!
His mate is repeating the tale of his love,—
Terra-re!
But never that song,
As its notes float along,
So sweet and so soft in its raptures can be
As thy low whispered words, young chieftain, to me.

'Deep down in the dell is a clear crystal stream,
Terra-re! Terra-re!
Where scattered like stars, the white pebbles gleam,
Terra-re!
But deep in my breast
Sweet thoughts are at rest,
No eye but my own in their beauty shall see;
They are dreams, happy dreams, young chieftain of thee.

'The honey-bud blooms when the springtime is green,
Terra-re! Terra-re!
And the fawn with the roe on the hill-top is seen,
Terra-re!
But 'tis spring all the year
When my loved one is near,
And his smiles are the bright beaming blossoms to me,
Oh! to rove o'er the hill top, young chieftain, with thee.'

"But Meek's fame as a poet rests chiefly upon his short poems—'Land of the South,' 'Homes of Alabama,' 'Mocking Bird,' 'Charge at Balaklava,' etc.

Many of his shorter poems are lyrics, and were set to music. When I first went to Montgomery, in 1857, before I had ever met him, one of his songs was all the rage with the young folks there, and every piano, it seemed, was constantly ringing with it. It was called 'The Rose of Alabama.' I can recall but a single stanza:

'I loved in boyhood's sunny time,
When life was like a minstrel's rhyme,
And cloudless as my native clime,
The Rose of Alabama.'

"With regard to the 'Charge at Balaklava,' I will merely state that I read it as a boy in an English paper over the signature of Alexander Smith, the author of the 'Life Drama.' I, at the time, fully agreed with the editor of the paper in his comments on the poem, when he said that the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' by Tennyson, was a failure, and that Englishmen would thank Mr. Smith for a poem that did full justice to the subject. My opinion, I should say, of Tennyson's poem has changed since that day. Although I still think that the lines, as they 'thunder' along, like the horsemen in the charge, now and then 'blunder' like the order which set them a-going, I do not now regard them as a failure by any means, but a most decided success. Meek's poem is a splendid one—must, of necessity, be a splendid one—or it would most certainly have been consigned to oblivion by the comparison thus provoked between it and the ringing ode of the poet laureate.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes states somewhere substanstantially, that it was the use of a certain little personal pronoun in the fourth line of 'America,' by Smith, that

made the song a success—had that line read, 'Land where my fathers died,' instead of 'Land where our fathers died,' the poem would have been admired for its other merits, but, as it would, in that case, have failed to make a common patriotic brotherhood of the American people, it could not have fully reached the great American heart. It may, in like manner, be said, that the change of a little epithet in Meek's 'Land of the South' would have seriously marred its beauty and lessened its popularity. The epithet 'imperial' is singularly apt and felicitous—it accords so completely with the idea of the people of the South as to the character of their native country—'Land of the South—imperial land'—that the line may well be pronounced perfect in thought and music, and gives a charm to the whole poem. 'The Homes of Alabama' is another of Meek's songs that appeals irresistibly to Southern sympathies. It portrays Alabama homes, as they were before the war. Just listen to the opening stanza:

'The homes of Alabama,
How beautiful they rise,
Throughout her queenly forest realm,
Beneath her smiling skies!
The richest odors fill the breeze,
Her valleys teem with wealth,
And the homes of Alabama
Are the rosy homes of health.'

"With our knowledge of such homes, past and present, we can easily read between Meek's lines, that the homes to which he refers were full of everything calculated to make life a blessing to family, to neighborhood, and State, and were presided over by a grand old race of men and matrons—all of whom are now

gone—yes, gone forever!—and with them the joys of which they were at once the guides and the inspiration. The two last named songs of Meek will live as long as elevated and chivalrous feeling shall find an abiding place in the Southern heart.

"Meek's lines to the 'Mocking Bird' have been very highly and justly commended. The poem, indeed, is beautifully wrought throughout, and is as full of melody as the little songster to which it is addressed; but there is one to the same bird, written by a man all of whose thoughts and feelings, like those of Meek, were intensely Southern, although he was born in New England, which I think as good. Equal to Meek's, it is, of course, better than Rodman Drake's—better than any other poem addressed to that bird; and their name is legion. The measure, it is true, in movement is rather too stately for the subject—rather too much like the music to which our great-great-grandmothers used to dance, dressed out in laced stomachers, expanded farthingales and high-heeled pantoufles, but the rhythmical flow of the lines throughout is delightful. The writer, I should say, not only resembled Meek in temperament, but equally so in other respects —had the same commanding person—nearly six feet and a half in height, and over two hundred pounds in weight—the same genial and pleasing countenance—the same dignified and courtly manners—and the same love to, and attraction for, his friends. For these reasons, I shall close by giving a stanza from the 'Address to the Mocking Bird,' by Gen. Albert Pike:

'Ha! What a burst was that! the æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—

A multitudinous melody—like a rain
Of glossy music under echoing trees,
Over a ringing lake; it wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness—
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll
The waves of brilliant flame—till we become,
Even with the excess of our pleasure dumb,
And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.'

Judge Crofton closed his book, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and arose from his seat. Maltman gave vent to a loud snore in endorsement of—the blessedness of sleep. Charley Wenker, however, was wide awake. He said: "Judge, I like your talk—I like the beginning, middle, and ending—especially the ending."

PART V—DAY IN CAMP.

Charley Wenker's Adventure—Southern Storm.

What's the matter? Have we devils here? * * *
Mercy! mercy! This is a devil and no monster.
—Shakspeare.

Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
—Byron.

The last day at the Inlet!—And it opened beautifully. Indeed it bade fair to be especially fine for bathing and fishing, in which sports all the party were engaged when their movements next fell under the observation of the faithful writer of this delectable chronicle. There had been a heavy shower during the previous night; and the foliage was yet wet and dripping. The atmosphere was cool and bracing,—the more so, as the sky was completely overcast by a rippled mass of hard-looking, white clouds, which were moving slowly —almost imperceptibly. Their motion, however, was not so easy, or uniform, as to prevent narrow and irregular rifts from being occasionally made, through which appeared patches of the heavens beautifully blue, and sparkling gleams of sunshine, all the more delightful, because of the unexpected suddenness of their coming, the shortness of their stay, and the flashing brilliancy of their track across the placid surface of the waters.

CHARLEY WENKER'S ADVENTURE.

Crumlyn, Briarsley, McTarney, Charley Wenker, and two or three others were bathing near the mouth of the inlet. At the point selected by them for the purpose, a wide sand-bar extended some distance from the eastern shore, dividing, on that side, the waters of the inlet from those of the Gulf, especially at ebb-tide. In the larger boat Judge Crofton and Wilmer Prince were fishing in the inlet, a few hundred yards above the bathing party. They were assisted by three of the negroes. Having devoted themselves to the nets, they had soon covered the bottom of their boat with fine fish. The other boat was occupied by Ernley and Haverwood, with Lankey and his brother Ned at the oars. These,—or rather the two whites,—as the boat, moving along the western side of the little estuary, now and then paused where the bank shelved, and where the deep pools, made by sharp indentations in the shore-line, rested quiet and cool under the drooping branches of wide-armed trees,—were fishing with rods and lines. They had caught several large trout.

"What are you going to do now, Haverwood?" asked Ernley, somewhat querulously, as the other having dropped his pole, and rummaged awhile in the chest of the boat, produced a hatchet and nails.

"I am going to fasten down this seat," was the reply. "It is loose, and once or twice has come very near emptying me into the bottom of the boat."

"Why don't you sit still then?"—Seeing, however, that Haverwood persisted in the design of nailing down the unruly seat, Ernley continued somewhat sardonically: "Make haste and be done with your knocking. As a fishing companion you are as bad as Wenker—

make as much noise as he does, and pay as little attention to the business in hand. You have caused me to lose the king of all fish hereabouts, I am sure. His bite was absolutely royal."

Haverwood did his nailing, threw the hatchet into the forward part of the boat, and then resumed his rod, with a light laugh, saying calmly: "Ernley you certainly love the sound of your own voice. I can account for much of your talk in no other way."

"Do I?—and can't you? "answered Ernley meekly. "Ha! Look at that!" exclaimed he, as after a short and sharp struggle, he threw into the boat a four pound pompano, the most delicately flavored and highly prized of all Gulf fish. Holding it up, he continued elatedly: "Now, isn't that a daisy? or rather isn't it a japonica? You perceive my talk was not so unnecessary and purposeless after all."

"Yes, yes,—I acknowledge my error—my rank injustice," hastily observed Haverwood. "But," turning and looking toward the Gulf, "yonder comes some of the bathers. Do you see those two heads bobbing about in the water just below the other boat? They have swam a considerable distance, and must be tired, I should think."

"Well, I hope they are wearied enough to stop at the other boat," responded Ernley. "They are not wanted here." After a pause,—"One of them has done so; the other, however, passes by, and comes this way. Who is the wretch, Haverwood? Your eyes are better than mine."

"I can't tell with certainty; but I think Charley is the man."

"Neptune forbid! I take back what I said to you in

my impatience just now. As a fellow fisherman you are certainly bad—execrable I may say; yet you are a great improvement on Charley. In my deliberate opinion he is the worst on earth. If that is he, we had just as well pull up, and go back to camp."

The swimmer drew near; and throwing back his wet locks by a vigorous shake of the head, the bright, laughing face of Charley appeared sure enough. He reached the boat, and drew himself up by his hands, resting his chin between them on its edge, so as to inspect the fish lying in the bottom. He appeared surprised when he saw the pompano. If he was surprised, there was no indication of such feeling in his words. Tumbling into the boat, and gathering himself up, he said: "Do you call this fishing? I am addressing myself to you, Ernley!—to you, Haverwood!"—neither of whom had spoken to him or looked at him. "I say, do you call this fishing? Only about a dozen fish!—not large either,—and one poor pompano! And you have been at it for hours! If I couldn't have done better by myself in half the time, I would forswear angling. As fishermen you are failures. Take up your rods,—go home,—I discharge you."

Ernley and Haverwood neither spoke nor moved. Their eyes, and with them every thought and feeling, seemed concentrated and fixed on the little circle of water in which floated their lines.

"Did you hear me?"

Still no answer—no motion on the part of the fishermen! The black faces of Lankey and his companion took on broad grins;—continuing rapidly to widen, these toothsome smiles broke, after a moment or two, into loud guffaws.

"So ho!" said Charley—"you want to get rid of me, I see. I don't wonder at it. Such work as you are doing will not bear the scrutiny of a master. All right! I'll leave you. Here comes a log just in time to bear me away. Goodbye!" While speaking the last words, he sprang upon the trunk of a decaying tree, armed with several huge, lance-like branches, to one of which he clung, and floated with the rapidly receding tide down the inlet.

Haverwood and Ernley fished for some time longer, diligently, and in silence. They captured a few more choice fish, but to Ernley's great disgust, not another pompano. The former arose from his seat, and said: "Let's go to the camp, Ernley! I see the other boat is on its way, and close to the landing-place." Here Haverwood stooped, and gazing intently over the water toward the open sea, exclaimed hurriedly: "Charley and his log must have passed considerably to the right of the bathing party. He is drifting out into the Gulf, and is a mere speck in the distance."

"What!" exclaimed Ernley, springing to his feet. "Charley is guilty of a great many strange and unwise freaks; but that is an action rather too singular and foolish even for him. Something must be wrong. My God! what can it be?—The daring, headstrong, ungovernable child! Take to your oars, boys," he shouted excitedly to Lankey and Ned,—"Take to your oars, and lay the boat alongside of him in a minute,—in a minute!" he repeated with clenched hands and blanched face.

But it was evident that many—many minutes would be required to make the run. And to Charley in the meantime—what?

The trim little boat, under the management of the two trained and powerful Africans, swung around from the bank, like a thing of life, and heading down the inlet, shot, almost with the speed of a ball from a rifle, over the smooth surface of the water. It flew past the other boat, which had reached the landing,—Crofton and Prince standing motionless, evidently startled, and watching the race with interest and surprise. It dashed by the long reach of sand, upon which the bathers were crowded together, who no doubt having seen Charley, as he passed in the distance, had some idea of the meaning of the desperate chase, although they may not have altogether appreciated the necessity for it,—Wenker even then not being so far from the shore, as to make an attempt to reach it, by swimming, a hazardous feat for one so expert in that art, as he was known to be. And now the boat is rushing with undiminished swiftness over the waters of the Gulf. On board not a word up to this time had been spoken. Ernley had placed himself in the prow, and had unconsciously taken up the hatchet, which Haverwood had thrown there, and, tightly grasping it, knelt, with body bent and eyes fixed upon Charley. Haverwood was close to him. They were near enough now to see Wenker distinctly. He was in a crouching position on the log; and more than once, by the violent movements of his body and arms, he seemed to be engaged in a fierce struggle with some unseen foe.

"Pull, boys! Pull for your lives! Something beside the tide has been moving that log. Pull, for God's sake, pull!" shouted Ernley, his eyes wet, and his lips trembling.

The boat fairly leaped forward at every quick stroke

of the oars, which, at the same time in the grasp of the stalwart negroes, sprung and quivered like reeds. Closer and closer it came to the struggling and writhing Charley,—who had looked up once, and hailed it,—faintly, and yet with a touch of the ringing music of the old rollicking voice.

"See," said Haverwood, "those dark bands about his legs and body."

"Yes," answered Ernley, catching his breath, and speaking scarcely above a whisper, "he is in the clutches of a devil-fish."

With a well directed blow of the hatchet, as the boat touched the log, one of the tentacles of the monster was severed, the slimy leathery end of which was caught by Lankey, and tossed into the boat. The hatchet was left buried in the wood of the limb, around which and the leg of Charley the antenna was entwined. As the octopus let go his hold, and dropped to the bottom of the Gulf, the log whirled sharply around, nearly upsetting the boat, into which, at the same moment, Haverwood and Ernley drew the well-nigh exhausted Charley.

After a long pause, as the boat was rowed to the shore,—the minds and hearts of the little party being full to overflowing with shudders and thankfulness,—Ernley, with an emotion, which lightness of tone and words were powerless to hide, for tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks, said: "Charley, old fellow, don't do that any more! Hardheadedness is your distinguishing characteristic. It has thrown you into the grasp of one devil,—you were barely saved. Get rid of it; or it will eventually throw you into the grasp of the other, from which there is no salvation. Take

these words to your heart, my boy,—take them to your heart!" Growing somewhat calmer, Ernley after awhile picked up the fragment of the tentacle secured by Lankey, and remarked: "I have seen several large devil-fish,—one that measured full twenty feet from tip to tip of its fin-like wings, or wing-like fins, but none of its antennæ were as thick, and consequently as long, as the one from which this was cut. Your devil must have been a monster, indeed, Charley!"

A SOUTHERN STORM.

The afternoon of the day that witnessed Charley's dangerous adventure, was widely different from the cool and bracing morning. It set in hot and sultry. And the heat and sultriness increased as the day wore on. The atmosphere was thick and hazy, as well as stagnant and burning; and the sun, when it could be seen, looked like a vast globular mass of blood, in a sky that presented a strange and ominous appearance. None of the usual pastimes, or pleasure-seeking labors, were engaged in by any of the party in the camp. Every one, as lightly robed as decency would allow, was either lying upon the grass in the deepest shade of the woods close by, or was uneasily moving about in the apparently fruitless effort to find a comfortable spot. Even towards the end of the afternoon, there was no change for the better; on the contrary, in the darkness, which gradually settled down upon the earth, like a sort of gray twilight, the more weird and unnatural because the red sun could still be faintly seen above the horizon, the heat and sultriness had become so great to every one whether in the woods or wandering about the tents, as to be well-nigh intollerable.

The minutes in their sluggish passage, seemed lengthened into hours. Still not a whisper of a coming breeze!—still not a quivering leaf on the surrounding trees, nor a ripple upon the sombre face of the Gulf!—still thick, heavy and fiery remained the moveless air! The birds had sought their secret coverts; the cattle had gone into the closest recesses of the glen; and the insects were housed and hushed. Neither above nor below was there a sound, as the dim sun finally sank into a crimson-dyed, murderous-looking cloudbank resting upon the western waters. The lips of all the party,—even those of the almost irrepressible Charley,—were closed and silent, as they, having come together on the high ground near the tents, gazed anxiously at that setting.

"Boys!"—The painful spell was broken at the sound of that cool and unimpassioned voice,—"boys!" slowly said Ernley, deliberately scanning the heavens,—"we are going to have a storm. Look at that cloud!"—continued he, pointing over the water. "See how rapidly it swells and darkens, and how its advance-guard of vapor rolls and tosses!"

"You are right," said Prince, "and we ought to be up and doing. We have no time to spare. It will take our best to prepare for its coming. And here, Ernley, is the first shot from that 'advanced guard' of yours, as a puff of wind, the first that had been felt during the afternoon, lifted his hat from his head, and whirled it away among the bushes.

All went immediately to work—adjusting the canvass, tightening the ropes, and driving more securely in the ground the pins of the tents; packing away clothes, bedding, and other articles of domestic use;

closing up boxes; and locking chests and trunks. While they were thus engaged, clouds had over-spread the sky, and were dashing against each other in fierce and angry confusion. The wind too had risen, and was blowing in heavy, fitful gusts,—swaying the pine-tops to and fro, and drawing from them their peculiarly mournful and dreary monotone. The party waited in breathless suspense for what was to follow, as the gale commenced to blow more steadily, and stronger and yet stronger, while the evening grew darker and yet darker.

"What do you think of the prospect, Lankey?" asked Ernley, as the negroes like a flock of sheep, came crowding up to the camp from the cooking ground.

"It's bad, sar, mighty bad. Ev'ry one uv you, Mars. Ernley, ought to be a cryin' an' a wailin', an' a prayin'." And then giving expression to the ready belief of the negro in the immediate end of all things, when he is alarmed by unusual appearances in the heavens, he continued: "I believe the day uv judgment's come at las'.—We's a lost an' ruined people—that's what we is."

"You don't know that we are not praying, Lankey," said Charley—"Crying and wailing can't help us."

"Well, you 'pear to take it all monstrous easy any how. You don't seem to 'preciate de orful situation."

"We are in rather an exposed 'situation' to meet a storm,—we 'appreciate' that," observed Prince, while he and several others were clustered around the different tents in an effort to hold the fluttering structures to their positions.

"That is so," replied Judge Crofton grasping the

pole of a tent, "but perhaps we are better off than we would be in a house."

"Where is Haverwood?" asked McTarney seizing another tent pole.

"Here," was the reply from the outermost tent,—"here, trying, as you are doing, to keep a prancing habitation from running away.

"And Briarsley?"

"Helping Haverwood."

"Hold fast, boys!" exclaimed Judge Crofton as a blast came madly tearing up the beach, and almost capsized the tents in its furious passage.

"A blow just a little stronger than that," slowly drawled out old Maltman, "and away goes all our shelters."

"These blows," said Ernley calmly, "are nothing compared with what is coming. You had just as well let the tents alone. They are bound to go; and it will be a mercy if we don't go with them."

The howling of the wind soon became fearful,—followed now and then by a sudden hush, which was more fearful still. Hitherto, however, it had blown straightly and directly from the southwest. But now quick undulations, sweeping gyrations, and abrupt choppings, in its frantic course, could be observed. Suddenly the whole face of the Gulf was lit up by a red electric glare, and a heavy rumbling noise, like that of an earthquake, was heard far over the waters. Looking in that direction, the party in camp saw the waves furiously dashing and leaping before the fiery breath of the approaching tempest.

"Down—down! every one of you to a bush," shouted Haverwood.

"Yes," exclaimed Maltman, seizing a shrub, and flattening himself upon the ground, "and with your heads to the wind."

Closer and closer came the bounding and surging mass of lurid cloud imprisoned in the whirling wind,—closer and closer, it came, with all the appearance and spirit of a raging demon!—redder and redder gleamed its monstrous front!—louder and louder sounded its mighty voice!—and, with a power, that dashed every obstacle, as the merest chaff, from its pathway, and a roar that would have drowned the thunderous explosion of a hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery, it passed. Away—away!—through the crackling forest, it sped,—its mighty tones growing fainter and fainter, as it receded upon its far-reaching mission of destruction. The vapors of the firmament around were rolled together like a scroll, by the terrific force of its passage, and vanished leaving not a rack behind. In a few minutes the air was as pure and bright, and the stars were looking as serenely down, from as peaceful a sky, as if there were no suffering or death in the world.

The tents had disappeared; such goods as had not been packed away in trunks or boxes, were scattered far and wide; and the ground was covered with torn and broken branches of trees. But none of the party had been wrenched from their fastenings nor injured by the falling timber. Lankey and two of the other negroes soon approached with blazing torches.

"We were only in the edge of the storm," said Ernley. "It passed just north of us. Thank God for that!"

"Yes," said Haverwood looking upward, in which reverential action he was followed by all, "like the old

man of the mountain, whom Briarsley told us of the other night, we have cause to thank God from the bottom of our hearts."

"Now," said Charley, after a long and impressive pause, and looking rather ruefully at the place where the tents had lately stood, "to come back to the present and future from the past, I must say it is a good thing for us, that the storm put off its disastrous visit, until the last day of our proposed stay here; and it will be another good thing for us, if the storm missed the schooner."

"Oh," replied Ernley confidently, "the schooner is all right. The storm came across the Gulf, and its pathway was evidently narrow. It never touched the Bay, nor, indeed, any part of the coast between here and Mobile. We'll have a resting-place before 12 o'clock. Gulpen will get here on time, without some accident happens to him that we know nothing about."

As Ernley had said, the schooner did come in before midnight; and in less than an hour after its arrival all their baggage,—the wreck of the tents, etc., Gulpen engaged to have gathered up, if to be found, early the next morning,—was stored aboard, and they, snugly tucked away in the cabin of the schooner, were fast asleep, and perchance dreaming of wives and sweethearts.

PART VI.—THE RETURN.

Sissaline Glenthorne—The Confederate Soldier's Farewell—Southern Cavaliers—Southern Men, Their Wives and Daughters—Bright Mobile.

Love took the harp of Life, and smote on its chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight. —Tennyson.

Land of the South—imperial land! —Meek.

The party, whom the reader accompanied to their couches on board the schooner, rested well. Their sleep, after the agitations of the previous evening, was so refreshingly deep that it could not be broken by even the songs and shouts of Lankey and the other negroes, as the little vessel, just at sunrise, started for Mobile.

It was near mid-day before the last of them made their appearance on deck. The schooner then was about entering the mouth of the bay, and was gliding along smoothly and easily before a light breeze from the Gulf. The day, like that which had witnessed their departure from the city ten days before, was bright and pleasant—indeed, the air was unusually cool and bracing for the season, all of which was, no doubt, owing to the late storm. They amused themselves in various ways as the vessel sped noiselessly on its course—some sauntering idly about the deck—others gathered in small groups, laughing and talking over the incidents of the excursion.

It was not until late in the afernoon that the whole

party became seated together around a table with wine and glasses, in the "forefront" of the vessel, to use one of Charley's words. They were at the time perhaps ten or twelve miles below Mobile.

"You all saw Gulpen, when he first reached us last night, hand me a letter," said Judge Crofton. "Here it is!"—holding up a paper—"I may, perhaps, read it after awhile. This letter has given me the conclusion of a romantic bit of history, which I propose to recount to you;—it will serve to pass the time that just now can't be more profitably employed. A young man, the son of an old friend, figures in it as one of the chief actors. There is a pretty girl in it, too.—I shall call it, after her,

"SISSALINE GLENTHORNE.

"Most of you know Walter Cheverley, who was so frequently about Mobile a few years ago,—'Pretty Cheverley,' as he was called by the girls of that city. Most of you know, also, that he was as generous, impulsive, volatile, and thoughtless, as he was handsome. But none of you, perhaps, knew that, under all this lightness and frivolity, was a firm stratum of genuine manhood. When he was not in Mobile, some of you will recollect, that he was generally, Alfieri-like, flying about the country, in search of gayety, or what he denominated 'life.' With a superfluity of money at his disposal, and a fund of animal spirits apparently inexhaustible, which, with his fine person, kindly disposition, and pleasing manners, made him universally popular with his youthful associates, it may be that this dashing and roving habit of Walter Cheverley did not strike any of you with astonishment; but I,

who happened to know his family and situation well, —I, who knew that he was neglecting the most important home duties, and was leaving the burden of managing the large and varied property left by his father, upon his mother—a pale, delicate and fragile woman, residing almost alone on the plantation just below Choctaw Bluff, on the Alabama River,—was both grieved and shocked at his course. A friend of the family of long standing, I often remonstrated with him about it.

"Some of you have, no doubt, observed that Walter has seldom been to Mobile, during the last two years. Thereby hangs a tale. A change has come over the spirit of his dream, or, of his thoughts and feelings rather, as wonderful in its beginning as beneficial in its results. I was in the neighborhood of the Bluff, a few weeks ago, and learned from Walter Cheverley and others all the facts with regard to it. These, you will discover, from a plain and simple recital, have many of the elements of the wildest and most romantic fiction.

"It appears that, during one of Walter's brilliant and dashing forays into the fashionable follydom of divers cities, North and South, his mother sold a small place, about a mile below the home plantation, to a lady—the widow of a Confederate officer killed at the battle of Seven Pines. Mrs. Glenthorne, the purchaser referred to, was a magnificent specimen, I should say here, of able-bodied womanhood,—tall in stature, erect and graceful in bearing, and, although a little past middle age, and somewhat too masculine in appearance, was remarkably handsome. She was the mother of one son, a youth of about fifteen, and two

daughters,—the eldest, scarcely twenty, was named Aline, but called by the family 'Sissaline.' The cottage on the place, at the time of the purchase old and delapidated, was repaired, and, under the deft and busy fingers of the women, soon became a gem of neatness and beauty set in a circlet of charming evergreens and flowers. Not only about the house, but everything about the little farm, gave speedy evidence of thrift, taste, and good management. And yet all the work was done by the mother and the three children, assisted by a single horse. In cultivating the farm, the boy plowed, while the mother and her daughters followed with the hoes. The girls, when in the field,—the mother was not so particular,—preserved the purity of their complexions and the softness and shapeliness of their hands, by protecting the one with huge 'sunbonnets,' within which were fastened masks, and the other, with heavy gloves of woolen cloth, reaching to the elbows. Both of them, indeed, had hands and complexions worthy of such care, especially, I should say, Sissaline, as she is the only one with whom this history has anything to do.

"I must pause here," continued Judge Crofton, "to say a few words about the appearance of this girl; —I have her before me now, as she looked, when I first saw her surrounded by the other members of this interesting family. I, however, am not good at describing women,—so you must all be satisfied with a few general remarks now in that behalf. Indeed, no description that any one might give, could do her justice. I have already outlined the person of her mother. The daughter in this respect was very much like her though smaller. The resemblance between them could be

traced further. They had the same classically and clearly cut features; the same fearless expression; the same spirited bearing; the same free and elastic step. About the latter, however, was all the freshness and softness and roundness of youthful bloom and beauty. In short, the one was magnificent, and the other perfect.

Walter had not been at home long, when, in sauntering idly through one of the green and shady lanes in the neighborhood, he chanced to meet Sissaline Glenthorne and her brother. She had been gathering wild flowers, a large bunch of which was in her right hand, while her left was gracefully swinging by its blue ribbons a wide-brimmed straw hat at her side. The color of her fair, proud face was heightened by exercise, and perhaps by the unexpectedness of her meeting with the young man,—to whom she appeared as glorious as a brilliant sun-burst through the clouds of an April sky.—He raised his hat.—With a little nod, and one flash of her dazzling eyes, she swept by him, with the grace of a bird, and the dignity of a queen, and was gone. He stood transfixed to the spot, vacantly and stupidly staring at the bushes, through which she had disappeared. Ardent and impetuous, in an instant he felt that he had met his fate. He tumbled at once, as he forcibly expressed it himself, blindly and headlong into the deepest vortex of love. He hurried home, and seeking his mother, told her what he had seen.

"'I have no doubt the girl you met was Sissaline Glenthorne. There are two of the Glenthorne girls, but she is the elder and handsomer.' His mother spoke

in her usually soft and even tones, without raising her eyes from her needle-work.

"'Have they ever been here?' asked Walter abruptly.—'Have you been to see them and their mother?'

"'Of course I have called on them, you foolish boy. Do you suppose I would have allowed all these weeks and months to pass, without the performance of that neighborly courtesy and duty. And they have been here several times. While hard-working, they are very pleasant and refined people, and have, I dare say, known better days. I like them exceedingly.'

"Walter, in the tumult of his spirits, could hardly understand how his mother could speak of them so calmly and prosaically. At any rate, he thought she ought to have gone into raptures over Sissaline, if that girl was, in truth, the one whom he had encountered in the lane. He, however, said nothing more to her then on the subject, nor indeed for some time afterwards. In the meanwhile he daily haunted the lanes and by-paths in the vicinity of Mrs. Glenthorne's cottage, with the hope of again meeting the fair unknown, but without success.

"'Mother,' said he one Saturday afternoon, when he had returned from a profitless walk over the haunted ground, 'don't you think you ought to call again on Mrs. Glenthorne? You have not done so since I came home. What do you say to going over this afternoon, and taking me with you? They are near neighbors,' he continued with elaborate indifference, 'and I ought to know them.'

"'I will call if you wish,' answered she, looking at

him curiously, and with a faint smile. 'I shall be glad to have you go with me of course.'

After that visit, and his pleasant introduction to the family, which included a long talk with Sissaline, who, he discovered, was indeed the beautiful flower-girl of the lane, Walter Cheverley could have been seen in Mrs. Glenthorne's small sitting-room almost every night. He was not allowed to call during the day,—the girls telling him frankly, yet laughingly, that they had work to do, and while so engaged they wanted none of his company. And so the days and months rolled on for Walter Cheverley,—he, in the meantime, being the self-satisfied inhabitant of an elysium of his own creation. Whether that elysium would last, or dissolve like the baseless fabric of a vision, depended, of course, upon Sissaline Glenthorne. Of making it permanent, by winning and wearing her, he, however, had but little doubt. Like most impulsive young men, he had plenty of hopefulness, and like them, when possessed of great worldly advantages, he had plenty of vanity. From these, joined with the thought of her being certainly anxious to escape from the drudgery of field-work, sprang his only assurances of success,—for Sissaline, while she did not shun, never showed any marked predilection for his society. Indeed in her intercourse with him, she was generally cold and distant, sometimes shy, and only at rare moments cordial—never confidential.

"One evening they were walking in the shadow of the great trees, which fringed the river not far from Mrs. Glenthorne's home. The sun was low, and its horizontal beams made their way under the heavy boughs, hanging wreaths of rosy light upon the moss-

covered trunks, and scattering them on the grass, which here clothed the elevated bank. Walter, as they paused at the foot of a gigantic beech, placed himself in front of Sissaline, and all at once, rapidly and impulsively told her of his great love. Under the influence of his feelings, he told the old, old tale, which is ever new, so forcibly and earnestly, that at times it was marked by a sort of unstudied and touching eloquence. He told her how he had loved her from the moment he had first seen her in the green lane gathering wild flowers,—how that love had increased, as he became acquainted with her many excellences of heart and mind,—and how, with his mother's approbation, who was anxious to call her daughter, he now made his feelings known to her, and besought her consent to become his wife. He concluded with the words, passionately uttered :—'You have in your keeping my future upon earth. You can make it or mar it at will. Permit me to hope that you will deal with it gently—deal with it, as I wish and beg!'

"She remained motionless, while he was speaking, with her head drooped, and her eyes fixed upon the green turf at her feet. She was very pale. When he had finished, she slowly raised her head, and looking him steadily in the face, replied in tones cold and distinct, that his suit was hopeless. 'No,' continued she, I cannot accept your love—I can never marry you, Mr. Cheverley."

"Walter was thunderstruck. At first the thought flashed through his mind—a thought which he quickly felt to be unmanly, almost blasphemous, and he determined to punch his head, at the earliest convenient opportunity, for granting it admission—that she had

lost her senses; as nothing short of mental obliquity, it for the moment seemed to him, could lead one situated as she was to reject him—him! Walter Cheverley, Esquire. I say, his better nature rose in rebellion at this idea, and crushed it out, as something little short of sacrilege—something at any rate dishonoring both to her and to him. And besides, he readily saw there was no flightiness, but plenty of determination in the steady light of the two eyes looking fixedly into his own. He turned suddenly, and strode rapidly and excitedly to the verge of the bank overhanging the waters of the Alabama, and then back to his former position in front of her. She had not moved.

"'Will you tell me,' asked he abruptly and in an agitated voice, 'Sissaline?—'

"'Miss Glenthorne if you please,' said she haughtily.

"'Will you tell me, Miss Glenthorne, why you have rejected me?'

"'Because I do not love you," returned she in a low, but decided tone of voice.

"'Your ungracious tone and manner,' said he, after a pause, in which he had drawn up his fine person to its full height, and regarded her with some degree of composure, though the lower part of his handsome face was still pale, and there were traces of an angry flush still upon his brow,—'your ungracious tone and manner, as well as words, indicate that you are actuated in the rejection of my addresses by something more than a mere want of love. Will you kindly inform me, if I am right in my supposition; and if so, what it is?'

"'While I do not acknowledge your right to ques-

tion me after what I have said, yet I will answer that your suspicions are correct,—there is the something to which you refer. And in order to end this distressing matter at once and forever, I will say further, that were I really in love with you—and such a thing is not possible—I would not marry you, Mr. Cheverley. Indeed, I could not marry a man who is a mere drone in the world—whose existence is purposeless—in a word, whose life is no gain to humanity, and whose death would be no loss.' Grandly beautiful she appeared to Walter Cheverley, while uttering these crushing words.

"He made no reply. Indeed, nothing more was said. Slowly they walked towards her home. He bade her adieu at the gate. Sad and humiliated, he went immediately to his mother, and told her all. From her he obtained that which he sorely needed,—the warmest of sympathy and the best of counsel. The decided words of the girl, followed by the gentle, loving ones of the mother, opened Walter's eyes to his shortcomings. He formed a great resolution that night, not for the purpose of winning Sissaline Glenthorne, it should in justice to him be it said, for she had told him that she did not, and never could love him, but because her words, as before intimated, had pointed out to him the long neglected path of his duties, as it had never been done before. He entered upon the work the next morning. The management of the extensive property he took at once in his own hands. For nearly two years he never left home, except to call when necessary upon his merchants and bankers at Mobile. He attended strictly and closely to his business. Projecting and superintending many great improvements upon the estate, he was ever ready to put his own

shoulder to the wheel, whenever the nature of the work, or the obstacles to be overcome, demanded it. The increased value of the property; the gratification of his mother; the blessings of the tenantry, and the other laborers on the place; and above all, the consciousness of duty well discharged, furnished ample compensation for all the vexation and weariness of his labors.

"During this time, he seldom saw Sissaline Glenthorne. It was only by chance that he met her at all, as he called no more at her home; and she, of course, never visited Mrs. Cheverley. At these accidental meetings, she seemed shyer and colder if possible, than before the memorable interview under the beech on the side of the river. He had every reason to believe therefore, that her unfavorable impressions with regard to himself had undergone no change, at least for the better,—nor, it may be added, did he seem to care. Even his mother, noting his freedom from despondency, and his devotion to business, supposed that he had entirely overcome the old love.

"About a month ago," continued Judge Crofton, after a short pause, "Sissaline Glenthorne left her home to walk to the house of a neighbor. The distance was scarcely a mile; and the road, with one exception,—where it crossed a small stream,—was open,—leading, as it did, between cultivated fields. The morning was bright and pleasant, and, as she moved rapidly along, with a firm and active step, the birds were singing around her, to whose notes she responded in a 'voice-music,' equally as wild and sweet. She passed the bridge over the stream before mentioned, and started across the small piece of bottom-land beyond,

shadowed by large trees, whose branches nearly met overhead. Between their trunks on either hand was a network of creepers and vines.

"Her singing suddenly ceased, and the rose of health, which exercise had deepened upon her lovely cheeks, instantly faded, when a powerful negro-man sprang from the bushes at the roadside, and confronted her. She knew him to be Black Jim.—He had been pointed out to her by a neighbor, on some previous occasion, as a most desperate character, living upon a plantation several miles below on the river. And there he stood before her, upon that lonely road!—in that secluded spot! As these facts darted through her mind, and she detected an expression of exultation in his black and villainous countenance, she realized the full peril of her situation, and could scarcely keep from sinking to the ground. By a great effort, she held herself firmly erect, and fixed upon him her flashing eyes. Beast-like he was held by them spell-bound and motionless. Drawing from her pocket a small pistol, she leveled it at his breast; and with an imperious wave of the other hand, and a clear, ringing voice, she bade him stand aside, and let her pass. As he shifted his glance from her face to the pistol, the spell was broken; and after the manner of an African, when preparing for a desperate rush, he closed his eyes, and dropped his head. In an instant he bounded forward, receiving apparently without injury the leaden contents of the little pistol, which he wrenched from the fingers of the heroic girl, with one hand, while with the other, he lifted her from the ground, and turning, dashed into the thicket of undergrowth, from which he had just emerged. The whole was the work

of but a few moments. She had only time to utter one shriek, shrill and agonizing, when the negro grasped her tightly by the throat.

"But help was near. Walter Cheverley, from a by-path had seen Sissaline pass, and, turning into the same road, had followed her. He was on the bridge, but not in sight of her, when the report of the pistol reached him, succeeded by the scream. Desperate fear on her account gave wings to his feet. He was almost at the spot, before Black Jim had disappeared in the bushes. In a moment more he was upon him. So furious was his onset, under the influence of excitement and passion, that the gigantic negro had to release the girl, and catch by a tree to save himself from being borne to the ground. Then he turned, and grappled with his assailant. Walter was unarmed; and the odds were against him, as Black Jim was a man of tremendous power. The struggle for a time was desperate. Finally the negro got his iron grasp upon Walter's throat, and by his great size and strength, crushed him down. Planting his knee upon the breast, and savagely tightening his grasp upon the throat of the young man, he would speedily have ended the struggle in the death of the latter, had it not been for Sissaline. When she was caught up by the negro, she did not faint, nor, for a moment during the horrors that followed, did she lose her presence of mind. As Black Jim stooped over his intended victim, she seized a large stone lying by, which, under ordinary circumstances, she could scarcely have lifted, and holding it poised above her with both hands, she discharged it with no little force upon the back of his head. The stroke was quickly repeated, for she held on to the

stone; and the negro releasing his hold upon Walter staggered to his feet. Dazed and reeling, he struck out blindly with his immense arms. Before, however, he had recovered from the stunning effects of the blows, Sissaline heard the ring of horses' feet upon the bridge, and in a few moments the sound of voices. In answer to her call for help, two sturdy young farmers of the neighborhood, forced their horses through the undergrowth to the spot, where she stood confronting the desperate negro. Taking in the situation at a glance, they sprang from their horses; and before Black Jim could well open his heavy eyes, they had his arms securely pinioned behind his back with a bridle-rein. It was not until then that the spirited, and beautiful girl lost control of herself.—Walter had partially recovered.—He was sitting up, but had not yet spoken.—Looking with intense pain upon his still livid face, and throwing her hand with a quick nervous motion to her own throat, which bore the marks made by the negro's brutal hand, when he was bearing her from the road, she exclaimed,—at the same time stamping her small foot violently upon the ground, to give emphasis to the words so expressive of outraged feeling: 'Away with him—away with him! Put him to death—put him to death! Do not suffer such a monster to cumber the earth for another hour.' Placing her hands before her face, she burst into such a storm of tears, that they streamed between her delicate fingers, and dropped upon her bosom. The paroxysm was as short as it was violent. When Walter was able to walk, she offered him the support of her arm; and the party having regained the highway, separated. Walter and Sissaline walked back towards

her home. The two young men with the negro went in the opposite direction. Black Jim was never seen after that day. The young men said, that they lost him in the woods.

"My story is about ended."—Judge Crofton here took out his watch and laid it on the table before him,—he also opened the letter previously referred to. "My story," he repeated "is about ended. This letter is from Walter Cheverley. It was written to inform me that at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th day of this month, in time to take the steamer of that evening for Mobile, he would marry the girl whom he had so long loved, and who had first made his life useful, and then preserved it. To-day is the 10th."—Taking up his watch, he added: "It is now 4 o'clock. Walter Cheverley and Sissaline Glenthorne have no doubt been husband and wife for one hour. Let us drink, boys, to the health and happiness of THIS GIRL OF THE SOUTH!"

"Now, Judge," said Charley, "I shall ask one more favor of you; and that is, for you to recite to us your last poem. I am free to say, I have never seen it;—Crumlyn and Briarsley have repeated parts of it to me, and these parts recalled so many old and familiar scenes, that I want to hear it all, and hear it from your lips."

Judge Crofton interposed an objection to Charley's proposition. He said he was tired, and that some one else must do the entertaining. Charley, however, persisting, and being joined by all the others in the request, Judge Crofton, who never refused to comply

with any reasonable demand on the part of his friends, after a pause, recited

"THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

1.

"We are going, mothers, going—
We are going, sisters, wives!
We are giving up the brightness,
And the sweetness of our lives;
But our hearts are stout and faithful,
For the war to which we move,
Is a war for Southern freedom—
Is a war for all we love.
Not a tear must fall at parting;
Smiles alone be sought and won;
Let us only think of meeting,
When the war's sad work is done,—
When with honors thick and shining,
We return to love and you;
We are going—we are going—
Home and friends awhile adieu!

2.

"We are marching—we are marching—
Prompt to meet the coming foe;
With a tramp like muffled drum beats,
'Neath the changing skies we go.
Came the order, short and sudden,—
'Forward,' was the stern command;
And we filed from peaceful bivouac,
In a strong and length'ning band,—
Through the shadows of the woodland,
Over splintered mountains steep;
Through the croaking marsh and thicket,
Over rivers broad and deep;
Now we join the army's vanguard,—
And our thoughts are still of you;
We are marching,—we are marching,—
Home and friends awhile adieu!

3.

" We are fighting,—we are fighting,—
Onward, to the cannons' roar;
Taking part in deeds of prowess,
That shall live forever more.
Oh, the bullets shrilly whisper!
Oh, the screaming shot and shell!
Speaking less of death than honor,
Make the soul with daring swell.
'Steady!'—still the cry is 'steady!'
And along a bloody track,
At the sword-point, sharp and dripping,
Lines are swaying forth and back;
Yet amid the storm of battle,
We can think of love and you;
We are fighting,—we are fighting,—
Home and friends awhile adieu!

4.

" We are charging,—we are charging,—
In the thickest of the fray;
'Mid a tumult, ceaseless, awful,
Making hideous night and day;
'Mid the sabres brightly flashing,
Crossing sabres in the air;
'Mid the muskets' steely rattle
And the trumpets' brazen blare;
'Mid a hell of shrieks and shoutings,
O'er a ghastly field, and red,
'Mid explosions,—shocks incessant,—
O'er the dying, and the dead;
But our souls are true and steadfast,
Press we on, and think of you;
We are charging,—we are charging,—
Home and friends awhile adieu!

5.

" We are going, mothers, going,—
We are going, sisters, wives!
Ah, to love, and faith, and duty,

We have offered up our lives.
Flowing swiftly is our hearts' blood,
Out of gaping wounds, and large;
We have fought our final battle,
We have made our final charge.
Now our eyes are drooping—failing—
Now our strength is ebbing fast;
But our earthly warfare over,
We have heavenly peace at last;
And the prayer we breathe in dying,
Is a parting prayer for you;
We are going,—we are going,—
Home and friends a last adieu!"

"As Judge Crofton" said Briarsley, "has told us of the Confederate heroes, who never got back to their homes, Crumlyn must sing to us of those who did. He has plenty of time to give us that song, as well as the other he especially promised for this occasion. Get yourself ready, old fellow,—get yourself ready!"

Crumlyn took the guitar from Lankey, who had gone for it while Briarsley was speaking, and after a little instrumental prelude, with much taste and spirit, sang:

"THE SOUTHERN CAVALIERS.

"The sons of princely sires were they,
Of acres broad, the lords,—
Of halls that witnessed kindly acts,
And echoed kindly words,—
Of halls and hearts that opened wide,
To Want's appealing tears;
'Rich, gen'rous do-naughts', they were called,—
These Southern cavaliers.

"And yet amid the rush of war,
They met the shock unmoved,
And when they struck, a blow was giv'n,
That Bravery's self approved;

The Normans in the olden time,
Through ranks of thick'ning spears,
Ne'er fought with greater gallantry,
Than Southern cavaliers.

"And when the storm of war was o'er,
Their country wrecked was left,
As country scarce was wrecked before,—
Of every joy bereft;
Then rose the clarion cry of work,—
'Twas borne to heeding ears;
And men ne'er labored for their homes,
Like Southern cavaliers.

"They faltered not,--they waxed not faint,—
They made the desert bloom,—
Evoked a glorious empire from
The ashes of the tomb;
Those hearts and minds and hands will strive,
Through all the coming years,
For firmness linked with dash and pluck,
Have Southern cavaliers."

"I don't altogether fancy that name—'Southern cavaliers,'—I prefer simply 'Southern gentlemen,' said Ernley, assuming his usual position, when bent on making a speech. "But no matter what you may call them, they were in the broadest sense of the phrase 'manly men.' Permit me to elaborate somewhat the main thought suggested by Crumlyn's lines,—let me tell you what I think of

"SOUTHERN MEN, THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

"There are no men and women less understood by the world, than the representative men and women of what may be termed for perspicuity, the former, and

the latter South. With regard to the first class, no true Southern man of to-day can speak, without being animated by a sympathy which may perhaps lead him into saying too much. They are almost all gone!—and their shadowy forms appear through the soft light of affectionate remembrance so beautiful, and yet so sorrowful! Of them, indeed, it may be truly said,

'The light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven!'

The love of honor made them proud and sensitive; the love of family made them over-indulgent; the love of neighbor made them indiscriminately liberal and confiding; and it was all these combined, that made them wasteful and extravagant. But along with this love was something nearly related to it,—a princely self-respect,—which kept any one of these faults from ever degenerating into a baseness, and enabled them to bear all their misfortunes with an uncomplaining fortitude, that was truly sublime.

"With regard to the second class,—the representative men and women of the latter South,—a single statement will show that they were true descendants of worthy parents. Although they, with their fathers and mothers, struggled during the war, in their respective spheres, as long as there was military organization among them,—until in fact, they had been beaten down by the weight of exhaustless numbers, animated by a kindred gallantry;—yet, when all was over, the whispered word went out, that their ruin was hopeless and irretrievable. 'The great war,' it said, 'was then upon them, for which they were by nature and education, wholly unfitted, and that too when all life and

confidence had been crushed out of them by the other. 'What can they,'—so the ominous whisper ran,—'reared as they have been reared,—who heretofore cared to make no effort in this sort of warfare when success was comparatively easy,—persons alike destitute of energy and enterprise,—what can they accomplish under circumstances that might well appall the stoutest and best trained hearts and minds?—what, in short, can they do towards rebuilding a country so completely and so terribly wrecked?' And what did they do? Look!—and you will see that, in a few years, they brought order out of chaos, substituted happiness for misery, and evoked a prosperity, fair, healthful and vigorous from the very ashes of death and desolation. In this great work,—done through the offices of the government, and the learned professions; in the counting-house, the shop and the field; by the needle, on the cook-stove, and at the loom,—a determined persistency, little expected by the outside world, was displayed in conjunction with the dash and pluck, which no one denied to these sons and daughters of the South."

"Ernley," exclaimed Charley, "you are—a luminous fraud. You would have us to believe that what you have just so truthfully said, was unpremeditated. It was a good speech, for I can call it nothing else,—one of the best speeches I ever heard you make,—too good, in fact, not to have been prepared beforehand. I am sure it was part of the discourse on 'Southern Manhood,' with which you regaled us the other evening, and was accidentally omitted on that occasion.—But," continued he, turning to the party, "here we are close

to Mobile, and ready for that long promised song in its praise. Crumlyn says, we must all join in the chorus." With hearts full of love for the old city which was spread out before them—its white houses and graceful towers and spires 'bosomed high 'mid tufted trees',—they listened, not forgetting to join as requested, lustily in the refrain, to Crumlyn's song of

"BRIGHT MOBILE--DEAR MOBILE.

"Her homes in beauty lining
Her level thoroughfares,
In seas of verdure shining,
Serenely as the stars;
'Neath clouds whose pearly driftings
Before the passing breeze,
Are matched by golden siftings
Of sunshine through the trees.
Bright Mobile—bright Mobile
Hath of loveliness the seal;
Oh, the gem of the South,
Is the city of Mobile!

"Her daughters are the fairest,
E'er throned in minstrel rhyme,
The gentlest and the dearest
Of any favored clime;
Their souls have all the whiteness,
The richness of perfume,
The purity and brightness,
Of the magnolia's bloom.
Dear Mobile—dear Mobile
Holds a sweetness that we feel;
Oh, the flow'r of the South
Is the city of Mobile!

"Her sons are brave and honest,
As any in the land;
Her sons are true and earnest,—
An active, working band;

Their hearts with vigor teeming,
With wills to do and dare,
Have giv'n her marts the seeming
Of an unending fair.
Bright Mobile—dear Mobile
Doth a royalty reveal;
Oh, the queen of the South
Is the city of Mobile."

THE END.

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